

# THE PACIFIC

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## Our Neighbor.

**S**O near is God to man that he who strikes best for God strikes best for man, and he who strikes best for man strikes best for God. Service of God with all the heart, soul, might, mind and strength, necessitates the loving of one's neighbor as one's self. "Who is my neighbor?" we ask, and then proceed to drag out our surveyor's chain, and measure off the distance in miles and furlongs, to determine. Or we get out national pedigree records, and study up the ties of blood relationships, with all their conventionally recognized obligations. Jesus swept all that aside, with his doctrines of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man, and made the word "neighbor" forever mean any one in all the wide world whose necessities we can minister to, whose sorrows can be assuaged by our sympathy, whose burdens can be lightened by our kindness and love.—  
Rev. F. B. Cherington, D.D., Plymouth church, San Francisco.



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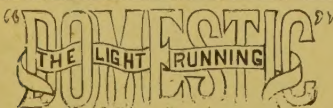
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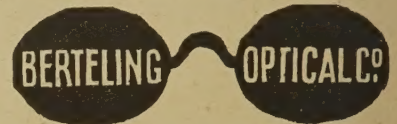
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# THE PACIFIC

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Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

San Francisco, Cal.

W. W. FERRIER, Editor.

Thursday, August 1, 1901.

## Influence.

"Go make thy garden fair as thou canst,  
Thou workest never alone;  
Perchance he whose plot is next to thine  
Will see it, and mend his own."



In 1886 the first ten of the order of the King's Daughters was organized. The order now has 700,000 members. Under the leadership of Mrs. Margaret Bottome, the first and only president, this order has done a grand work for humanity. The names of some of the circles indicate their work. There are the Heartsease circle, the Whatsoever, the Lend-a-hand, the Good Intentions, etc. They do all sorts of good things. Blessed are the King's Daughters! So think and so say thousands of needy, suffering souls in hospitals and asylums and homes all over the land. Not all of the 700,000 have the same sweet spirit that their beloved leader has, but all are lending a hand, and in the school of earthly service are being trained for the heavenly. "The King's daughter is all glorious within." Soul beauty is the only true beauty. It is to this beauty and glory that God desires to lead every one of his children. And this leading must be along the pathway of service.

"The Christian Endeavor World and a Denominational Paper in Every Home" was the subject on which several persons spoke at the recent C. E. meeting in Cincinnati. It ought to be the aim of every pastor to bring about such ideal condition in his parish: Even in homes where there are no young people the Christian Endeavor World is needed in order that the inmates may keep in touch with the young people. The Rev. Dr. Buckley stated at the Epworth League Convention that he read the Epworth Herald every week for this purpose. And as to a denominational paper, it is unquestionably true that no home can count as it should count for the upbuilding of the kingdom of Christ into which it does not go. It gives information, cultivates spirituality, and creates an interest that can be created in no other way. But, why should the paper be a denominational paper in preference to a religious paper? Because a person's influence must count, if it is to count at all, through the denomination with which he is connected. The man who takes such a paper as the Christian Herald in preference

to his denominational paper is doing himself, his family, his church and Christ's kingdom an injury. The Christian Herald is a good paper for the home, but it should not be allowed to crowd out the denominational paper.

With more interest perhaps than any one else on the Pacific Coast did the present writer look on the stalwart form of Dr. William Miller Beardshear, the new president of the National Educational Association, as it was pictured in the San Francisco Chronicle of July 25th, and read the eulogistic words which had been telegraphed from Des Moines, Iowa, concerning him. "He is one of the most popular men in Iowa," were some of the words. It is worthy of note that Dr. Beardshear, who was a few weeks ago honored by election to the high position of president of the National Educational Association, for several years president of the Iowa College of Agriculture and Mechanical Arts, before that prominently identified with Iowa's educational interests as president of Toledo College and superintendent of the public schools of Des Moines, is an alumnus of one of the smaller Ohio colleges. He was in his freshmen year when the writer entered the preparatory department. The democratic spirit of that college was one worthy commemoration. There were no castes, no cliques, no class distinctions, and such were the associations accordingly that influences were not curtailed as they are in some institutions. We recall today the names of several persons in the classes above us who became, because of the freedom of intercourse, a great inspiration and help to many in the under classes. Among these was the one who has come to rank so high in the educational world. Many a man has looked back over the years to those influences exerted in the literary society, in the boarding-house club, in the visits from room to room, and in friendly walks and chats, and has been thankful that his feet were turned toward an institution where there existed such a spirit of brotherhood—and sisterhood, also, for it was a co-educational institution, and the grace of womanhood was diffused everywhere. We shall never forget all those blessed influences, some of them impossible in an institution having its thousands of students, and every worthy small college, especially a Christian college, can always get hearty commendation in The Pacific while the present writer directs it editorially. And now, lest we fail to



give due credit to an institution of learning which though never having more than three hundred students in attendance at any one time has, today, proportionately, as many graduates occupying places of high influence and usefulness as the larger institutions, we write Otterbein as the name of the college to which reference has been made. Pomona in California, Forest Grove in Oregon and Whitman in Washington are colleges in which, in large degree, will be found similar influences. Pacific Coast parents, who are looking toward the sending of their sons and daughters to college, will do well to investigate the claims and advantages of these Coast institutions.

### Remnants of Slavery.

There will be organized soon in Chicago a Congregational church for colored people. They claim that they are not welcomed as they should be at the other churches, and that, although they do not regard it as Christian-like to compel them to worship in separate churches, they feel impelled to this action. The pastor of the Washington Park Congregational church has led in this movement for a church for the colored people. He finds that there is a prejudice against them, and while willing himself to have them as members and worshippers, he does not believe that it would be wise under the circumstances.

Undoubtedly, as things go, if there are many of the colored people, it will be better for all concerned that they have their own church. But we are inclined to the opinion that the Washington Park church people are a little too particular. Not long ago the pastor organized a Sunday-school class for the few colored people that attended, because some of the members objected to the colored children. Why any Christian people should object to the presence in a Sunday-school class of a few colored children we are unable to see. We do not affirm that the members of the Washington Park church have acted in an un-Christian way in constraining these colored Congregationalists of Chicago to proceed to organize a church of their own, but we do affirm that things appertaining thereto look somewhat suspicious.

We never read or hear of unjust treatment of the colored people on the part of the whites, whether in Church or in State, without there coming to mind the plagues which came upon Pharaoh because of his treatment of the Israelites. Through Moses the Lord said unto Pharaoh, "Let my people go that they may serve me." Pharaoh would not let them go and he was smitten again and again, until at length he humbled himself and said unto Moses and Aaron "I have sinned this time. The Lord is righteous, and I and my people are wicked. Entreat the Lord that there be no more mighty thunderings and hail, and I will let ye go and ye shall stay no longer." But as soon as the plagues were stayed Pharaoh hardened his heart and sinned yet more, and would not let the Israelites go. When, finally, the first born in all that land lay dead in every house, the haughty king, in anguish of

heart, said to Moses and Aaron: "Rise up and get you forth from among my people, both ye and the children of Israel, and go serve the Lord as ye have said." But soon Pharaoh regretted his action and pursued the children of Israel to bring them back again into bondage, and as a last result the hosts of Pharaoh perished in the sea.

Not unlike the treatment accorded the Israelites by that ancient Egyptian king has been the treatment of the Negro here in America. After the people of the South, by the Missouri Compromise, had agreed to let the Negro go, had limited slavery to certain territory, they regretted their action, and began those endeavors which were intended to bind more indissolubly about him the galling fetters which encumbered him. It was not until the loved ones of every home lay in the battle-made graves of the fair Southland that they were willing to let the black man go.

Freed from the blight of slavery that land entered upon an unprecedented era of prosperity, and those who battled for its perpetuation are glad now that it exists no longer.

Nevertheless, a large element is not yet willing to accord to the Negro his God-given rights. In several States the suffrage requirements have, of late, been made different for him than they are for the white man. This is the culmination of a long series of wrongs, upon which the South will some time look with shame and regret. The time is coming when character and not the color of a man's skin will give him place in this country. America paid the penalty of her three hundred years of Negro bondage by the pouring out on hundreds of battlefields of the life-blood of her citizens. For every sin there is a penalty, and no people can disregard the rights of any other people and fail to pay the penalty for such wrong doing. "The Negro can afford to be wronged; the white man cannot afford to wrong him."

Is slavery dead? Certainly not, so long as prejudices and practices, which perhaps the law cannot touch, but which God hates, perpetuate in people's hearts the spirit of the old iniquity. We need here in the North to be on our guard lest we, by these hateful prejudices, encourage or incite the people of the South in their far more trying positions to the committal of such acts as will eventually bring them into great anguish of heart. It is for such things as are herein considered that the sins of the parents are often visited upon the children, even to the third and fourth generation. No one can survey the grand work that Booker T. Washington has been doing for years at Tuskegee and escape from the conclusion that there is in the black man that which will make him, under proper cultivation, a valuable constituent of an advancing civilization. The Negro is here in the United States to stay. This is his own, his native land. And he will, in time, come to be recognized everywhere as the white man's equal. Dunbar the poet, Tanner the artist, Booker Washington the educator! Where today can be found men ranking higher, more talented, more



successful than they, in the work to which they have devoted themselves? In several educational institutions in the East colored men have carried off the prizes for scholarship, and the confidential man of one who stands high in the financial and manufacturing world is a black man. In a few we have an earnest of what many will become under the training which the wise men of their race have now marked out for them. Hear the Moses of his people, Booker T. Washington, as he speaks to them and to us in his article entitled "The Salvation of the Negro," in the July number of *World's Work*: "As a rule, the Negro is at his best in agricultural life in the country districts. \* \* \* The Negro must secure his foundation for citizenship very largely in agricultural pursuits." But, laying the foundations in agriculture, the leader of the race sees that they are to arise to that stature in which they can hold their own in all the works of life.

### The Liquor Dealers and the Southern Pacific Co.

The wholesale liquor dealers have come out with denunciation and threat against the recent order of the Southern Pacific Company removing the bars from their ferry-boats. It is not a creditable document, as judged either from the standpoint of philanthropy or of commercial honor. It shows badly by the side of the order assailed, the lofty spirit of which it ignores, disregards its explanations, distorts its statements, equivocates, and is evasive of facts. These are strong assertions; but they are made only after a careful reading, with sincere desire to understand the position of the protestants and give them full credit for honest convictions. We are forced to the conclusion that they have none. There is not one syllable which breathes other than the lowest mercenary spirit; not a sign of humane interest in their fellow-men; but, on the contrary, a willingness to sacrifice anything to their own immediate pecuniary interest. There is neither manliness nor business sagacity in their conduct. And their action ought to be met by the instant and pronounced condemnation of every right-minded citizen. The debt which the community owes to Mr. Kruttschnitt or President Hayes, or whoever decreed and formulated the order assailed, ought to be gratefully recognized. There has been no more notable evidence of large manhood or good business management than this. The sympathy of all the better elements of society are with them in this struggle. And they ought to be enabled to feel it. It is a public duty to say so, and to say it loud; to say it directly to Mr. Kruttschnitt, to say it without delay, and to keep on saying it. The liquor-dealers are forward enough in expressing their disapproval; let not the friends of virtue be backward on their part. The fight is on, and it promises to be a bitter one. Do not let the management seem to stand alone in it. The dealers threaten to injure the company to the amount of a million dollars and more in revenge. Well, the company can stand that, if necessary, if that is all, and be the richer for it. Only let them know that the heart of those who love their fellow-men is behind them in this struggle, and that they are trusted as the champions of the better

order. Pray God that they stand firm in this hour of trial! And more than this, let the cheering word of sympathy, by word of mouth or as fast as the mails can carry it, go straight from every one who reads this note, to the office of the manager of the company—a single word, if nothing more, to voice our hopes, our cheer, and our prayer for the benediction of heaven.

The main thing at issue in most of the labor strikes with which the country has been afflicted during the last three months has been the question whether employers shall be accorded the right to employ non-union as well as union men. This was the question at issue in the strike of the waiters in San Francisco restaurants, and it is the one in the teamsters' strike. We do not believe that a strike for such a purpose can win. Certainly, not in the long run. There may be some local victories, but the business men of the country cannot be brought to accede to such demands. It would be simply to put the control of their business out of their own hands. Trades' unions have done considerable for the amelioration of the lot of the American workingman, but they make a grievous mistake, one fraught with far-reaching fatal consequences, when they arise and declare that men shall not be given employment unless they wear their badge. There are hundreds of thousands of workingmen in the United States who do not care to identify themselves with the unions. These men have a right to employment, and whosoever wishes to employ them has a right to do so. This is according to the spirit of American institutions, and we do not believe that that spirit is to be annulled.

Greatly to be commended is the decision of Judge Sloss of this city granting an injunction against the waiters' union restraining them from picketing in front of one of the leading restaurants and in various ways interfering with the proper conduct of the business. That boycott, as it was carried on for several weeks, turned the sympathies of not a few people away from the unions. In general the American people believe that it is the right of any workingman or of an organization of workingmen to strike, but they do not believe that it is right for them to interfere in the conduct of a man's business as unions have interfered in San Francisco of late.

The San Francisco daily papers are strictly newspapers these days. They report both sides of the labor controversy; but, what is very unusual in journalism, make no effort editorially to lead their reader into the merits of the case. Newspapers in general are not nowadays what they were when such men as Greeley occupied the editorial chair. Think of Horace Greeley allowing the business office to dictate when any great principal was at stake! It is unthinkable. It is for such reasons as this that the newspapers are not now the great influence that they once were. They are to a great extent business concerns, run for the money there is in them.



## Notes.

The Congregational church of Nome has evening congregations of 500. Among those who aided in the construction of the building were three Roman Catholics.

It is thought that Dr. John Henry Barrows of Oberlin will be secured for the first course of lectures in Pacific Theological Seminary.

The requirements for admission to Pacific Theological Seminary are the same as those for admission to the senior year of the University of California. Undoubtedly this will decrease the attendance for a year or two, but the result will be a better equipped ministry.

One who has long had here on the Coast a large influence in leading men and women in living ways has suggested that a timely publication could be made now in *The Pacific* of the chapter on "The Relation of Evolution to the Idea of the Christ," by the late Professor Le Conte in his book on "Evolution." We give it this week.

The Rev. D. H. Reid closed his work as temporary pastor at Port Angeles, Washington, the 21st of July. On a recent Sunday he spoke concerning *The Pacific* "in the highest terms of praise," and secured one new subscriber. Undoubtedly others will yet be secured as a result of that talk. Mr. Reid enters now on the work to which he was called a few months ago in British Columbia, that of general missionary and superintendent of the Congregational work in that province.

A beautiful pamphlet has been issued which sets forth attractively Claremont and Pomona College. It says: "Multitudes are seeking for a place that shall be without the high altitude and cold winters of Colorado, the dust and heat and bad food of many Arizona resorts, and the touch of chill and dampness inseparable from every Coast resort in California. They want a spot that is neither too high, nor too low, nor too damp, nor too enervating, nor too cold or hot, that is not simply—that loneliest spot in the world—a resort for invalids and idlers, and that is not hopelessly sequestered from the life of the great world without. We beg leave to pluck the sleeve of any such and say, with confidence, here is the spot for which you look." Two physicians, a meteorological observatory director and a clergyman who has experimented with many climates, give corroborative testimony. Concerning Pomona College, this is especially worth repeating: "A college is what men make it, whether it be West or East. And the men who founded Pomona and who have since modeled its character and determined its moral and intellectual atmosphere, are men whose own training and ideals set rigid limits to any compromise with expediency, and assure a high and honorable standard as a first necessity to educationists inheriting such traditions. It is quite possible for a small college to be simply a large college of an inferior size and quality. It is equally possible for it to realize advantages that are as frankly beyond the reach of the university as are the post-graduate facilities of the university beyond the capacity of the small college. Such advantages have been realized in fact and to a singular degree in Pomona."

A friend once said to us that he learned best how to preach to adults by preaching to children. Some of his sermons for the children were enjoyed by the grown-up people more than many of those that were prepared especially for them. Frequently a book that is written for children is enjoyed as much by adults as it is by the children; and this, though the children may find in it the heartiest enjoyment. Such a book is "Bobtail Dixie,"

by Miss Abbie N. Smith of Grand Rapids, Michigan. It is the autobiography of a dog, and ranks in interest and value with "Black Beauty" and "Beautiful Joe." A few weeks ago it was adopted as a supplementary reader in the public schools of Chicago, and Mrs. May Wright Sewell, the International President of the Council of Women, has recognized and emphasized its worth by giving it place in her Girls' Classical school at Indianapolis. The present writer has never met Bobtail Dixie, but he knows some of the other dogs that were Dixie's associates, and many of the children who figure in the story, and Preacher Smith's family, among them the white-haired grandma, whom all loved, and the mother of whom Dixie says: "I saw instantly that she liked dogs, and that I should have no trouble to establish myself in her good graces. She was always doing something for somebody, and I liked her from the first. We understood each other perfectly; she knew I was a well-meaning dog, and treated me as such, and I had the best sort of an opinion of her." When this book gets into the hands of "Aloha" of "Three Oaks"—and such a book will get there—we shall expect one of the best "acorns" to which the readers of *The Pacific* have ever been treated. The book ought to be in every Sunday-school library and in every public school library on the Coast. Parents who buy it for their children will give them a treat and will put into their minds many good teachings as to the treatment of animals. If dogs really could talk we have no doubt that they would talk very much as the author represents Dixie as talking.

The Central Congregational church of Vancouver, British Columbia, which was organized a few weeks ago, is self-supporting. The pastor, the Rev. W. A. Vrooman, came from Manitoba highly recommended. The deaconess of the Maple Street Congregational church of Winnipeg, where he was pastor for a time, wrote to the church at Vancouver that he had "the loyal love and best wishes of Winnipeg Congregationalists," and the Rev. Hugh Pedley, pastor of Immanuel Congregational church of Montreal, wrote of the ability and energy with which he labored with him in Winnipeg. Mr. Vrooman was ordained to the ministry of the Methodist church in Manitoba in 1891. In 1899 he came to the Congregationalists. Last June the President of the Manitoba and Northwest Conference wrote: "He is most cordially commended to the Congregational church as an able and faithful minister of the gospel of Christ. I have pleasure in bearing testimony to the very high personal and ministerial character which Mr. Vrooman sustained while in the ministry of the Methodist Church. As a man among men he was an embodiment of integrity and honor; as a preacher of the gospel he was faithful, acceptable and efficient. His sermons were characterized by clearness, freshness and strength. He traveled some of our most important circuits, and was twice elected by the conference to the chair of his district. He carries with him the love and esteem of his brethren, who heartily wish him God-speed in his new ministerial relations." *The Pacific* has long believed that Congregationalism should be strengthened in British Columbia, and we are glad to read these words of commendation of the pastor of this new church in Vancouver. We are glad also to read of the fellowship between this church and the one that was established there by Congregationalists several years ago. The Central church announces that its principles and methods will be "those commonly associated with the Congregational churches of America and England," and that they expect to take their places and do their work "in cordial Christian fellowship with the other churches of the city; not as rivals, but as co-workers for the kingdom of God."



## The Religious World.

During the fall and winter of 1902 students in the divinity school of Chicago University will study Palestine in Palestine. Four weeks will be spent in Jerusalem. Two weeks will be devoted to camping trips in Samaria, Galilee and Decapolis. Visits will be made to Damascus, Baalbek, Beyrout, Cairo, Smyrna, Ephesus, Athens, Rome and Naples.

The Pacific Baptist sounds a note of warning in the following: "We have noted a disposition on the part of prominent churches on this Coast that become vacant to look immediately to the Eastern States for pastors. In this way many good men are gained to the West and the plan may be for the best, yet it is not always well to overlook the men at hand, who know the field and have done hard work with little reward. It has come to be true that the man who takes a small church on the Coast stands little chance of promotion. This ought not to be, and we commend to committees a look nearer home in many cases. We know that church committees will pay little heed to this, and the chief value of this note is that it relieves the mind of the editor."

United States chaplaincies seem to be desirable positions. There will in all probability be a vacancy in the navy soon. But no one need apply. The applications are several feet high already. Chaplains are appointed for life, and enter the service with the rank of captain. In the army they receive \$1,500 a year for the first five years, and to this is added ten per cent for every additional five years of service. In the navy the salary is \$2,500, and an increase to \$2,800 after five years. There were, not long ago, 33 chaplains in the army and 24 in the navy. Of the whole number 20 are Methodists, 12 Episcopalians, 8 Presbyterians, 7 Roman Catholics, 4 Baptists, and of Congregationalists, Lutherans, Disciples, Universalists and Unitarians, one each. Recently sixteen persons were designated for appointment.

A provincial system for the Episcopal church is advocated by several persons of prominence in that denomination. Bishop Brown of Arkansas is of opinion that this system will be promoted by the holding of the general convention in San Francisco this year. He says that Eastern men do not realize the extent of the West, but that they will have a better comprehension of it by the time they have traveled to San Francisco, and they will conclude that the United States is too large to be governed by one system. Twelve cities are mentioned for seats of provincial archbishops: New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Charleston, New Orleans, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Paul, St. Louis, Denver and San Francisco. If the provincial system is adopted each province will hold its triennial convention, and a general convention would be held perhaps only once in a decade.

The Christian Evangelist of St. Louis, representative of the church of the Disciples of Christ, speaks editorially of Dr. Clark of the Christian Endeavor Society as follows: "What an admirable leader Christian Endeavor has had these twenty years! How level-headed, modest, wise, resourceful, patient, courteous, fearless, humble, hopeful, helpful! Long may he live to lead on to nobler conquests. He seems to us to be one of the men whom God has raised up to do a special work, and who in a marked degree is under Divine guidance." It was the privilege of the editor of the Evangelist to come into closer contact than ever before, at the recent C. E. convention, with the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, of whom he writes: "He is one of the humblest and most lovable men we have ever met, filled with a consuming fire to

make the world better." Concerning Booker T. Washington he says: "He is a modest, unpretentious man, who is wholly unconscious of being or doing anything great, but the motive of whose whole life is the unselfish ambition to help others." And then, with encouraging optimism, there is the expression of the belief that the twentieth century will witness the multiplication of such men for the bringing in of a new era of righteousness upon the earth.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, familiarly known as the Mormon, has nearly 3,000 members in Oregon. A conference was held in Portland last week. One of the speakers was Elder Ferguson of Salt Lake City, who declared the usual belief among them, that God made a special revelation to Joseph Smith. "We preach a gospel of revelation," he said. "It is the essential part of our faith. If revelations were needed to guide the footsteps of the apostles, do we not need them infinitely more?" Speaking of what their religion did for them, Elder Ferguson said: "The followers of Joseph Smith lead pure lives. They abstain from coffee and tea, whisky and tobacco; they devote their means to philanthropy, and try to live so that it can be truly said that the world is better for their having lived in it." This Mormon elder may be right in part. Nevertheless, there is much to be condemned in Mormonism, and it is gratifying to read that General Thomas J. Morgan, who has made a personal inspection, states that it is losing its grip in Utah, that it is now honeycombed with a sufficient number of good things to insure its downfall. A leading influence is the public school system, a large proportion of the teachers being Gentiles. While they do not teach religion, they do inculcate modern ideas and progress, and these are fatal to Mormonism. The evangelical churches are said by General Morgan to be a powerful protest against the most repulsive features. The tithing system has long been the keystone of the Mormon arch, but of late it has been found difficult to collect tithes, and a fatal weakness is discerned in this difficulty. But the leaders are as determined as ever. H. J. Grant, one of the twelve apostles, has just left his home and family, and all the comforts of large wealth, for two years' work as a missionary in Japan. Herein we have an illustration of the power of the Mormon church over its votaries.

## Loving and Liking.

By S. T. Freeland.

There is a very good man near me who believes in the infallibility of the Pope and the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary. They call him a Roman Catholic. He is perfectly honest in his beliefs. I am bound to love him, to look lovingly on all his works and ways; am I also bound to like his works and ways, to invite him into my family, and ask him to preach for my church?

I have another neighbor—a fine, honest young fellow, who believes all that he was taught of the higher criticism in his theological class. He thinks Jesus Christ had nothing supernatural in his birth, nothing miraculous in his death and resurrection; a miracle is impossible, probably, and the gospel stories are altogether such as Encyclopedia Biblica makes them. He believes Professor Paine on the evolution of the Trinity, and Dr. Gordon on the final salvation of all men. I find myself bound to love him, and look lovingly on all his works and ways; but must I like him and his works? Ought I to invite him to instruct my people? He sees a continent of truth which Jesus and John and Paul and Augustine and Calvin and Edwards did not see—it is a continent mostly of made ground, but he is kind and charitable to the memory



of all these purblind souls of other days; shall I embrace him for that and believe all that he believes and like him?

I have "fellowship" with every man that I meet on the street. I think that I love them all. But there are only some of them that I *like*. I am what some of my friends say I would make God to be—a Particularist.

### Acorns from Three Oaks.

Aloha.

One of the kindest things Christ ever said to his disciples was his invitation to them to take a vacation. The charming phraseology of the invitation was on this wise: "Come ye aside into a desert place and rest a while." They did not know cocaine and opium. Their nerves were not tried by the whizz of the trolley car. They were not on the rack to know if the automobile were a blessed institution to hasten the coming of the Kingdom. No one called them to the telephone. They never walked a mile at the bidding of the "hello girl" only to find that ten words would have asked the question, and that answer might have been given at the cottage door. But people pressed them as they press today those who really have something of value to impart. They really led, all along, lives about as exacting as our missionaries at Peking and quite as dangerous. Herod's conscience was pricked. The dancing and devilish Herodias had bewitched him with her lascivious gyrations and her cunning mother had put her up to quiet the brave old preacher by cutting off his head. Like faithfulness might bring them into like danger, and they had just as good right to nervous prostration as any who have compassed the end of the nineteenth century and vault on into the twentieth, with its mesh and rush of engrossing engagements. It was into tired eyes his sympathizing eyes looked. Those were weary ears—weary with the cursing and threatening of mobs and gainsayers—which heard the sweet vacation-blessing words, "Come ye aside and rest a while." Oh, the tenderness of this wise and loving Master! Do you need a vacation? Is the pace too rapid? Is it hard to be hopeful? Are you irritable and unnatural to those dearest to you? Do you wish they would just let you alone? Do you want, as a strong burden-bearer in Minneapolis once said to me, "to just put one's head quietly up by a great wall and be still"?

#### Jesus Cares for the Whole Man.

He cares for his body as a possible chariot of power for his soul. He who counts the hairs of our heads, and notes every little quail in the chapparal, which will turn into a wild bird when the guns begin to crack the morning of the day it is lawful to shoot them, cares for men's muscles and minds, their nervous force and hope power. He who washed his disciples' feet and took a towel and girded himself and wiped off the dust of Palestine from the plodding feet, cares that you have a vacation. The customs of society, that send good horses to grass and civilization's best servants to vacation's joys and repose, are reiterations of the Divine invitation, "Come ye aside into a desert place and rest awhile." When President Fairchild found the Saturday evening Bible class, after all the laborious teaching of the week gave him a restless Saturday night's sleep and a distressed Sunday, he felt he served Oberlin best by laying down that special burden. That he did not do it in contempt of Sunday-school work is proved by his faithful Sunday-morning teaching of his Bible class at the advanced age of eighty-two, when his earthly eyes are too dim to read the lesson text and he must depend on his memory for that and upon the

reading of comments by other when he requires something more for his class than his own wise reflections. That was a wise way of Mr. Beecher's putting of his duty to his flock at home when he was exposed to blizzard's in the Minnesota winter: "My sacred duty now is not to catch cold."

And the argument for the "mens sana in sano corpore" was perhaps never better put than in Mr. Beecher's advice to the young students of the University of Minnesota—"Don't try, young gentlemen, to put an Armstrong gun on a corn-stalk gun-carriage." William Cullen Bryant, walking to his down-town office, running up stairs, despising the elevator; Talmage, running the long Brooklyn blocks going home from his sermons and his lectures; Gladstone swinging his axes among the oaks at Hawarden Castle, and yachting when he could get away from cares of State, help us dignify vacation in our thought and encourage us to deserve the sympathy of him who said, not to the lazy "four hundred" of Jerusalem, but to the hunted and weary twelve, "Come ye aside into a desert place and rest awhile."

#### The Vacation Habit Growing.

Our thoughtful newspaper editors note a great increase in the vacation habit. Once business men sent their families in the country while they "stayed by the stuff." Now the families may get a longer vacation than paterfamilias, but paterfamilias finds he is a stronger man for eleven months tug in Wall street competition if he has yachted or golfed or caught blue fish and sharks in Peconic Bay and off Montauk Point. I think we do not have too many holidays, nor shall I think we are in danger of too many while not exceeding those of "merrie England," our stalwart mother country.

#### Idleness Not Vacation.

It is not irreverent to say that Jesus was the most genial leader who ever led his followers into camp. If Joe Twichell was proud to lie on pine boughs in the Adirondacks with Doctor Bushnell, and that was a wholesome camp of instruction for Garfield when Doctor Hopkins sat on a log and talked sense and philosophy to him, what must John's pleasure have been to sleep in close touch with his Lord.

The impulsive Peter could restrain profanity if he did burn his fingers boiling fish for his master, for could a man be hasty with such holy calmness incarnated before him? It was worth while to be drenched in the heaviest rain I ever saw in a Minnesota cloudburst, for President Fairchild not only took it like a philosopher, but, resting on the soft side of a plank in a little carpenter shop on the prairies, told me of his ride on horseback from Joppa to Beruit, while I plied the little sheet-iron stove with shavings to dry him off. No time was lost. In my chronology there never was so wealthy a wet time as that. There are certain things one can do in vacation beside the annual cleaning of guns long rusting in a corner, and mending broken pole-tips and oiling grating wheels. A country church has been started by a city minister's sermons in vacation time. The independent farmer on whose ranch you camp, whose trout you catch, whose salmon you spear, whose wild ducks you shoot or frighten away will not charge you for such common things. But you can ingratiate yourself in the neighborhood so that the baseball boys will stop long enough for you to put a ten-minute open-air meeting between the fourth and fifth innings of their Sunday game. You can send the mother who is a long way from church *The Pacific*. They will surely pass you into their hunter's paradise the next year if you do. If you send them the *Youth's Companion* for a year, all the boys are your friends sure.



They can win the Catholic trustee if you cannot, and next year you can get the key to the schoolhouse for a Christian service. It does no harm to pray for the Pope. He needs it. Nor will his blessing hurt you if you take a vacation in Rome. If you can fish a country girl for Mills Seminary, or a lusty lad for Pomona, you have no need to curse your fisherman's luck. I'd rather buy a beautiful bay from a ranchman who has carried me over the foothills, or a cow whose milk I have drawn for the camp by the owner's permission, than trust horse jockeys or cow-rascals in the city. These have bitten me. The country folk I have touched in vacation have blessed me. I bless them. I love genuine country folk. You will if you take the right sort of vacation among them.

#### A Desert Place.

Because Christ invited his disciples into a desert place, you need not confine your vacation to the Great American desert, or to the California Mohave. With the right camp leader and the select chums, the quails and the jack-rabbits of the desert and the young sage birds of the bush would be toothsome. The instinct for perfect resting-places is hint of our longings for heaven. Yosemite is for the King's children; Yellowstone Park is for white souls; King's River county is for the Royal Family; the Pacific is his sea. He made it. Only his children have the full and free privilege of enjoying earth and sea. All others are poachers. They see everywhere, or ought to see, "Trespassing forbidden." "Keep out" "Against the law." Saints read, "There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." "All things are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." "Ye shall have dominion over the beasts of the field and the fish of the sea and the fowls of the air." "Wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their Father for he hath built for them" a Paradise and hung it among the stars, and glorified it with mountains, and ribboned it with purling rivers, and garnished it with forests, and starred it with lakes, that his children might have royal play-ground and sufficient training ground and accept, in ever-growing largeness as the centuries go on, the invitation of him who said to the toiling fishermen of Gennesaret, "Come ye aside into a desert place and rest awhile."

#### Sempervirens Camp.

This large invitation of the Divine Friend of campers has got into the blood of Christian nations. In heathen lands heathen dress parks for despots; in Christian lands the servants of the people prepare parks for the King's children. They sometimes have to print for the public good, "Keep off the grass," but they must see to it that they get a view of the blue sky. To see the sky leisurely, to sense its beauty and its hope, is the very essence of it. It is a good thing for the Church to get flat on its back that it may look to the sky. We naturally and properly think God is there. He is. He is everywhere. But skies and mountains and seas suggest God more than oil wells and coal mines and gold mines do, and that is why it pays us to get out under the clear sky and look up. Mr. Andrew P. Hill of San Jose goes this week to inaugurate a camp of a happy hundred men and women in the finest body of redwoods on our Pacific Coast. He has persuaded you and me and our fellow-citizens to promise to buy it, and the Legislature says we may and will. Governor Gage has felt the people's pulse and heard the people's voice. So that one way open to American, and especially Californian saints, in this twentieth century, to hear the voice of the Divine Caller, is to enjoy and beautify the twenty-five hundred acres called the Big Basin, in Santa Cruz county. It is not so great as Yosemite, nor so varied as the Yellow-

stone Park. Its roads and its streams are not more beautiful nor wonderful than many other parts of our Golden State. But it is a worthy park for a free and generous people. Its nearness to our bay and adjacent cities will permit multitudes to enjoy it who cannot afford the cost of the far-away excursions. The Governor and the commissioners appointed to conduct the purchase meet this first week in August to ratify the purchase and inspect the premises. The public-spirited Sempervirens' Club, which has led the public up to this worthy accomplishment, will meet the Governor and Council in friendly co-operation and plan a vacation ground worthy of the commonwealth of California.

The cost for ten days' outings from San Jose is \$22.50. This includes transportation from San Jose to Boulder, and by wagons into the Basin, and tents and board in the Valley. Campers must provide their own blankets, pillows, bed-ticks and personal comforts and luxuries. It will be a genuine camp, with nightly camp-fire, spirited songs and wholesome stories. Mr. Hill, who has led the masterful canvas, and a clean one, for this great popular achievement may be trusted to conduct a model camp.

Ladies will be welcome, will be kindly cared for, chivalrously attended, and will have a good out-door time. Fair fishing may be had and refreshing bathing. I am sorry I cannot go. I would but for promises made the dear Pacific Grove church, whose pastor has gone East on a well-deserved vacation.

Some of your voices in the vote of the Saratoga Blossom Festival, given unanimously for the purchase of this Park at a cost of \$250,000 in five annual payments of \$50,000 each, were mightily influential, coming at the nick of time when the conservative and economical Governor was arguing the case with the petitioners of the Sempervirens' Club. It is one of the duties of good citizenship, especially for these living in this part of the State, to guard this new interest and make the most of it for the public good. For man or woman, who has no new things to buy for the outing, twenty-five dollars will pay all expenses from the metropolis to this beautiful rustic Park and return.

Have a vacation, friends, if you have to make a tent of old gunny sacks and go out with the children to the shade of a tree in the rear of the garden. If you have no shady tree you can borrow one. Shade is to be had yet in California for polite asking. If you only vary your bread purchase from the baker, and get some German bread with caraway seed in it, give the children something different from the ordinary. A few currents will color the water and sugar is cheap. A stick in the lemonade helps it. Call Bub off from his routine and let him whittle the stick, and if he has the right sort of a father he'll think he has a vacation. I live in a region where economy forces some gunny-sack tents, and they beat any parlor bed-room where no vacation thoughts come clear out of sight. You can hold on without vacation if you must. Stanton had to when the Civil War was on, but before that emergency he made his body more iron-like by wise vacation. His spirit was born of iron quality. No life is at the end, and in eternity, a failure, which looks steadfastly and honestly into the face of Christ and hears his call of rest in labor, and when play-time comes plays in the spirit of his tender invitation, "Come ye aside into a desert place and rest awhile."

A school-boy with a freckled face, being asked to name something that girls can do better than boys, replied, "Two girls can stay mad at each other longer than two boys can." Girls, is that true? If so, why?



## The Relation of Evolution to the Idea of the Christ.

(From "Evolution and Its Relation to Religious Thought," by the late Professor Joseph LeConte.)

"What think ye of Christ?" This is indeed in many ways a test-question, and we ought frankly to meet it. I have feared hitherto to touch this question. I now only throw out some brief suggestions—scatter some seed thoughts. Does Evolution have anything to say on this also? I think it does. This I proceed to show:

As organic evolution reached its goal and completion in man, so human evolution must reach its goal and completion in the ideal man, i. e., the Christ. According to this view, the Christ is the ideal man, and therefore—(mark the necessary implication)—and therefore the Divine man. We are all as men (as contradistinguished from brutes)—we are all, I say, sons of God; the Christ is the well beloved Son. We are all partakers in various degrees of the Divine nature; in him the Divine nature is completely realized. It is not necessary that the ideal man—the Christ—should be perfect in knowledge or in power; on the contrary, he must grow in wisdom and stature, like other men; but he must be perfect in character. Character is essential spirit. All else, even knowledge, is only environment for its culture. In the dazzling light of modern science we are apt to forget this. Character is the attitude of the human spirit toward the Divine spirit. If I should add anything to this definition, I would say it is spiritual attitude and spiritual energy. In the Christ this attitude must be wholly right; the harmony—the union with the Divine—must be perfect. This perfect union gives, of necessity, also fullness of spiritual energy.

Now, I wish to show that, although the Christ as thus defined must be human—yes, even more intensely human than any of us—yet by the law of evolution we ought to expect him to differ from us in an inconceivable degree, and especially in a superhuman way. This I do by a series of illustrations.

We have said that the Christ is the ideal and therefore the Divine man—that he is the goal and completion of humanity. But in evolution a goal is not only a completion of one stage, but also the beginning of another and higher stage—on a higher plane of life with new and higher capacities and powers unimaginable from any lower plane. Let me illustrate this:

1. As man is the ideal—the goal and completion of animal evolution, and yet he is also a birth into a higher plane of life—the spiritual; so the Christ, the ideal man, may be only the goal and completion of human evolution, and yet he is also a birth into a new and higher plane—the Divine.

2. As the human spirit pre-existed in animals, slowly developing through all geological times, until it came to birth and immortality in man, so the Divine spirit is in embryo in man in various degrees of development, and comes to birth and completion of Divine life in the Christ.

3. As animals reached, finally, conscious relations with God in man, even so man reaches union with God in the Christ. As man, the ideal animal, is a union of the animal with the spiritual, so the Christ, the ideal of human evolution, is a union of the human and the Divine.

4. Finally: As with the appearance of man there were introduced new powers and properties unimaginable from the animal point of view, and therefore from that point of view seemingly supernatural—i. e., above their nature—so with the appearance of Christ we ought to expect new powers and properties unimaginable from

the human point of view, and therefore to us seemingly supernatural—i. e., above our nature.

The Christ as defined above—i. e., as the ideal man—is undoubtedly a true object of worship. There are two and only two fundamental moral principles, viz., love to God and love to man. Both of these must be embodied in a rational worship. The one must be embodied in the worship of an Infinite Spirit—God; the other in the worship of the ideal man—the Christ.

But some will object that, admitting all this, it is impossible that the goal, the ideal, should appear until the end of the course of evolution. To him I answer: This is indeed true of animal evolution, but not of human evolution. We have already seen (see p. 88 et seq.) that there is an essential difference in this regard between these two kinds of evolution. In addition to all the factors of organic evolution, in human progress there is a new and higher factor added, which immediately takes precedence of all others. This factor is the conscious voluntary co-operation of the human spirit in the work of evolution. The method of this new factor consists essentially in the formation, and especially in the voluntary pursuit, of ideals. In organic evolution species are transformed by the environment. In human evolution character is transformed by its own ideal. Organic evolution is by necessary law—human evolution is by voluntary effort, i. e., by free law. Organic evolution is drawn upward and forward from above and in front by the attractive force of ideals. Thus the ideal of organic evolution can not appear until the end; while the attractive ideals of human evolution must come somehow in the course. The most powerfully attractive ideal ever presented to the human mind, and, therefore, the most potent agent in the evolution of human character, is the Christ. This ideal must come—whether in the imagination or in the flesh, I say not, but—must come somehow in the course and not at the end. At the end the whole human race, drawn upward by this ideal, must reach the fullness of the stature of the Christ.

But it will be again objected that all ideals are relative and temporary; that we are in fact drawn onward and upward by many successive ideals, one beyond another, in the course. Ideals are but mile-stones which we put successively behind us while we press on to another; they are successive rounds of an infinite ladder which we put successively beneath us while we rise higher. This one also we shall eventually put behind us and pass on.

To this I have two answers: Admitted that in many ways such is the course of progress; but who has been able to reach this ideal and conceive a higher? When this one is reached and completely realized in our personal character, it will be time enough to propose another.

Again, it is true that in many ways we have advanced and are still advancing by the use of partial ideals; but this use of partial and relative ideals is itself in only a temporary stage of evolution. At a certain stage we catch glimpses of the absolute moral ideal. Then our gaze becomes fixed, and we are thenceforward drawn upward forever. The human race has already reached a point when the absolute ideal of character is attractive. This Divine ideal can never again be lost to humanity.

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Rev. O. W. Lucas and wife are greatly enjoying their vacation at Mrs. Lucas' old home at North East in Pennsylvania. Pastor Cross has been in the Grove parsonage and pulpit two Sabbaths. Mr. and Mrs. Williams of Saratoga go for the first two Sundays of August.



## Quiet Corner Notes.

By W. N. Burr.

Vacation time had come, and the man had time to stop and think of *rest*. And he found there was something of him, besides the body, that was tired; and it craved its own couch, and its own easy-chair.

One day he asked it what it wanted. And it answered as a child might answer, when asked what he would like Santa Claus to bring him at Christmas time—for it wanted so *many* things; but it answered, too, as a man might answer—a man wise, and of strong faith, reaching forth unto those things which are before, for it wanted the *best* things.

"I want a restful thought," it said. "I am tired with trying to solve life's problems, I am tired of study—take away everything today that demands close, hard thinking, and give me a restful thought. Do not shut out all but superficial thought, for then I would be like a weary man shut into a bare, comfortless room; but bring me a tender, restful thought, one that I can lie down upon, relax upon, and thus gain strength to take up again, by and by, the hard work over the problems.

"I want music: some one at the piano in the next room, singing with a voice clear and true, and in full sympathy with the song, Tennyson's "Lullaby"—

"Sweet and low, sweet and low,  
Wind of the western sea."

And then a simple ballad, and then some of the dear old hymns, like—

"Father, whate'er of earthly bliss  
Thy sovereign will denies,  
Accepted at the throne of grace  
Let this petition rise:

'Give me a calm, a thankful heart,  
From every murmur free;  
The blessings of thy grace impart,  
And make me live to thee.

'Let the sweet hope that thou art mine  
My life and death attend;  
Thy presence through my journey shine,  
And crown my journey's end.'

I do not want 'Onward, Christian Soldiers' today, I want restful 'Naomi,' and 'Horton,' and 'Siloam,' and the stately, but none the less tender, 'Hebron.'

"I want some friend who loves the poem to come in and sit down beside me and read Longfellow's 'The Day is Done.' There is rest in those lines, and I want it:—

"The day is done, and the darkness  
Falls from the wings of night.  
As a feather is wafted downward  
From an eagle in her flight.

"I see the lights of the village  
Gleam through the rain and mist,  
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me  
That my soul cannot resist:

"A feeling of sadness and longing  
That is not akin to pain,  
And resembles sorrow only  
As the mist resembles rain.

"Come, read to me some poem,  
Some simple and heartfelt lay,  
That shall soothe this restless feeling  
And banish the thoughts of day.

"Not from the grand old masters,  
Not from the bards sublime,  
Whose distant footsteps echo  
Through the corridors of Time.

"For like strains of martial music  
Their mighty thoughts suggest  
Life's endless toil and endeavor;  
And to-night I long for rest.

"Read from some humbler poet,  
Whose songs gushed from his heart  
As showers from the clouds of summer  
Or tears from the eyelids start;

"Who through long days of labor,  
And nights devoid of ease,  
Still heard in his soul the music  
Of wonderful melodies.

"Such songs have power to quiet  
The restless pulse of care,  
And come like the benediction  
That follows after prayer.

"Then read from the treasured volume  
The poem of thy choice,  
And lend to the rhyme of the poet  
The beauty of thy voice.

"And the night shall be filled with music,  
And the cares that infest the day  
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,  
And as silently steal away."

"Ah! this is bringing the rest I have wanted. I shall be stronger after all this brooding tenderness. But I am not yet satisfied. Read me now that which is sweeter, and tenderer, and more tenderly strong than the songs of the poets—some of the Father's promises, some of the Master's words of comfort—some of the messages that have the loving heart and the strong arm of the Infinite One behind them:

"The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."

"And I will bring the blind by a way that they know not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known; I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them; and not forsake them."

"He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might he increaseth strength."

"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint."

"For thus saith the Lord, the Holy One of Israel: In returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength."

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

"Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust."

"Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him.  
Corona, Cal.

## Preaching as a Dramatic Art.

W. W. Lovejoy.

We might entitle our essay "The Moral Value of Dramatic Art (not *The Dramatic Art*)", meaning by art the principles underlying dramatic presentation of truth. The preaching art is wholly concerned with presenting religious truth in its relation to the Christ. How may it best be done? How did Mrs. Stowe preach in "Uncle Tom's Cabin"? (notice even the form of the title! How did Maria Cummins lay on our hearts a care for the poor and outcast in "The Lamplighter"? Little Gertie's sorrows and tears—how many hearts have they baptized to a divine sympathy? How many stray kittens have found protectors because of the lamplighter's gift? "Ralph Connor," author of "The Sky Pilot," was invited by the editor of *The Westminster*, to make a plea in its columns for more mission funds for Western Canada.



"Yes; I'll write you an article," he said. "No," replied the editor, "do it in the form of a story." This is how Rev. Chas. W. Gordon of Winnipeg came to write his popular stories. One touch of nature, artistically given, makes the whole world akin.

All art-forms, even sculpture and architecture, to whose perfection all the other arts contribute, are but an expression of human feeling. Art's appeal is primarily to the emotions. Its effect is to enlarge our sympathies. It has its virtues and true laws. It is, or ought to be, first of all, moral, humanely helpful, of true religious quality. Stevenson, in "An Inland Voyage," found himself in a French cathedral at the time of a procession of young girls in white, on some festival day. They were chanting the "Miserere": "I understood a great deal of the spirit of what went on. Indeed, it would be difficult not to understand the 'Miserere,' which I take to be the composition of an atheist. If it ever be a good thing to take such despondency to heart the 'Miserere' is the right music and a cathedral the fit scene. I could bear a 'Miserere' myself, having had a good deal of open-air exercise of late, but I wished the old people somewhere else. It was not the right sort of music, nor the right sort of divinity for the aged. A person up in years can generally do his own 'Miserere' for himself, though such an one often prefers 'Jubilate Deo' for his ordinary singing." Good art, in other words, has the note of faith and the spirit of hope in it; which recalls a line in the preface of some book: "There is in it not a single reference to the imbecility of God or the universe. I don't know where my head can have been."

Good art has always the human, personal element added. Prof. W. K. Clifford, the "infidel," who died too early, thirty-four, to have beat his music fully out, and worked off his doubts; to have struck the balance of his mathematical brain with the tender imaginative poetical side of his nature, substituted for a concrete human ideal, for the personal Christ, or Father God—what, as the support of the soul? You will recall his oft-quoted saying, "The loss of theistic belief is a very painful loss. We have seen the spring sun shine out of an empty heaven, to light up a soulless earth; we have felt with utter loneliness that the Great Companion is dead." That was it. His world was soulless, impersonal. What were his Scriptures? Not the dramatic, highly personalized, intensely human Bible, but the "Pythagorean Scriptures," and the Golden Verses belonging to the same, which Gregory Nazianzen, by a true instinct, said were rather made of lead. Perhaps we have space for two or three: "Let not sleep come upon thy eyelids till thou hast pondered thy deeds of the day. What work have I done? Wherein have I sinned? What left undone that I was bound to do. Beginning at the first, go through even unto the last, and then let thy heart smite thee for every evil deed." How much more moving—"Whose I am and whom I serve"; "I know in whom I have put my trust!" No doubt many have attempted to lean on such maxims—they called them maxims, greatest wisdom. Marcus Aurelius did, yet with unappeasable heart-hunger.

In what respect does Christianity, as a moral force, surpass the best in paganism? In this, that it is presented to us dramatically rather than aphoristically, in the forms of human life, according to the laws of true art in its appeal to the soul's sympathies, to the whole man. It is not a set of maxims, a gnomic or doctrinal philosophy. It is the picture of a Life, of a divine person, a man who is the Way, the Truth and the Life, living, acting before us. And this picture is given in a matchless gallery of

heroes and saints—and some sinners—all intensely alive, in action. Sermonizing of the dull impersonal sort is absent. Argument has small place. "Christ does not argue; he illustrates." In this way it grapples with our souls in almost irresistible fashion, and withal in strict keeping with the laws and principles of true art, in particular of dramatic art, presenting character in deeds.

I suppose there are few heretics in the matter of Shakespeare (though there are some anent Dante, who have spoken through *The Pacific*). We are agreed that Shakespeare's art has true moral quality, and in this sense is perfect art. Its quintessential virtue is the pedagogic value that resides in it. It is a profound teaching-force. Rev. Henry H. Hudson may help us here. His book, "Shakespeare: His Life Art and Character," is one of the books oftenest out from the drama shelves of our public libraries. The section, "Moral Spirit," may be read as a treatise on the preaching art. "A poet must not be required to teach better morals than those of Nature and Providence. Now, the law of moral proportion in Art may be defeated as well by overworking the moral element as by leaving it out, or by making too little of it. Of all the things that enter into human thought, I suppose morality is the one wherein we are naturally least tolerant of special pleading; and anything savoring of this is apt to awaken our jealousy at once; probably, from a sort of instinct that the better the cause the less need there is, and the more danger there is, too, of acting as its attorney or advocate. Moralizing may be of so obtrusive a kind that it rather repels than wins the confidence. Moral demonstrativeness is never the habit, either of the best poets or of the best men. Ethical didacticism is quite out of place in workmanship of this kind. Moral demonstrativeness and poetry do not go well together. For the true virtue-making power is an inspiration, not a catechism."

Mrs. Browning's poetry may illustrate this principle. The editions of 1838, and preceding, contain most of her poems of resignation. It is "the sectarian period of her piety and depression." There is a pallid hue to almost every poem—disenchantment, disillusion; the tomb, the worm, the clouds for symbols. It is bad art—this particular note struck too often; as moral teaching, it is not wholesome. The editions of 1844, and later, show her artistic sense matured, and the note of gloom—of the grave, or sick room—is heard no more. Henceforward, Miss Browning is a truer artist and better Christian, and finds her themes in Italy's wrongs and in the "Christian Socialism," etc. of Aurora Leigh. She uses her personal gifts to interpret helpfully the world's sorrows—the factory children, the Ragged schools, the slave in America, Austrian oppression, Pius IX's duplicity. She "preaches" less and teaches with new power. Her individualism remains, but it has found itself and its tools in the common life of man. Didacticism may have its place, as in the book of Proverbs, but good art never uses it directly. It's too constant use in hymns, Sunday-school books, or in the home, tends to griggishness and imitative morals, the etiquette of morals. Its appeal is less to the common human feelings and more to individual conceit and religious selfishness. "For the right way of Christian virtue is when a man's good deeds are so much a matter of course with him that he thinks not of himself for having done them."

Shall we traverse our own teaching if we make application briefly? Prof. Harnack opens a course of lectures somewhat in these words: "It was a saying of the philosopher, John Stuart Mill, that we need to remind ourselves now and then that such a man as Socrates did actually live. Yes," says Harnack, "but much more that such a



man as Jesus of Nazareth did actually live and die on this planet of ours. Such a life gives meaning to our lives, is the continuation of his thought. Jesus' life was lived under the conditions and according to the truth of human nature. All other lives may best be set in relation to it. The best preaching makes most use of the human material in this way. "The best preachers set you to preaching to yourself."

## The Sunday-School.

BY REV. F. B. PERKINS.

### God Keeps Faith with the Man of Faith (Gen. xv: 1-18.)

Lesson VI. August II, 1901.

#### Fruits.

Our last study left Abram on the heights of Bethel, and Lot leading his company down into the Jordan Valley. When we again take up the story three or four years have passed. Lot, who, at the first, had "moved his tent as far as Sodom," has apparently become wholly identified with it (xiv: 12). Abram meanwhile has established himself in Hebron, "dwelling by the oaks of Mamre."

One day a fugitive arrives there, telling the story of a battle in the Vale of Siddim, between the five "kings" of the Plain and four from the North. In this battle the "kings" of the Plain were defeated; Sodom and the other cities were pillaged; and Lot, with all his company and their possessions, were carried away captive (xiv: 11, 12).

This last item in the report appealed to Abram's generous heart. To be sure, Lot had brought the disaster upon himself, but what of that? It was no time to indulge a spirit of criticism, even had his nature been capable of cherishing it. And so, without delay, he collected his house-born retainers, 318 in number, armed them, and, with what neighboring sheiks contributed, led them in pursuit of the invaders. One hundred and twenty miles he followed them, and fought them, reclaiming both captives and booty. Returning thus in triumph, he forbade his followers to ravage the country, and, for himself and his own company, refused to be enriched by so much as "a thread or a shoe-latchet." So, having effected his purpose, he quietly withdrew to his own encampment.

There was magnificent generosity and far-seeing wisdom in this restraint. He would not give any of God's enemies then or afterwards occasion to blaspheme. One could wish that the allied forces in China, today, could rise to anything like its height. The peace of that distracted country, and the brotherhood of the nations, had then seemed less distant and the besetting difficulties fewer and less formidable.

Abram's magnanimity was, apparently, but poorly appreciated by Lot, who gives no sign either of gratitude or penitence, but slinks back into his unholy relations with men, who "were wicked and sinners against the Lord exceedingly." Even more than himself, his young people may have been infected with the poison, and have drawn him backward—that is apt to be the way, when families are subjected to contaminating influences. And so the chasm between the household of faith and the family of Lot, instead of closing, widened year by year. And this, too, is a natural process.

#### God's Servant Troubled.

It may have been in this way. Physical and mental reaction, as is so common, followed on Abram's heroic exploit. It is indeed the aftermath of any unusual excitement, such, e. g., as attendance on, or care for, a great convention. So Abram very easily drifted into rather gloomy views of the situation; e. g., as to the probability

of a return of his defeated foes, in greater force, to wreak special vengeance, this time, upon himself and his encampment. He had not thought, nor cared, much for this in the excitements of the campaign, but now it pressed heavily upon his heart.

Along with this, and aggravating the gloom, may have been a certain sense of failure in his enterprise. What, after all, had he accomplished by his sacrifices? He had delivered his nephew from one captivity, only to see him ignobly thrust himself into another, and more fatal, thralldom. Ah, well, how that disheartenment appeals to whoever of us has striven earnestly, to reclaim some wayward youth!

Then, to make matters worse, there was the open or muttered discontent of his own "trained men," arbitrarily held back, as they would think, from customary looting, and forbidden even to accept of freely proffered gifts. Suppose that, under such conditions, the attack should be renewed, could they be depended upon to fight to the death?

Such suggestions may not only enable us to enter somewhat into Abram's despondency, but also prepare us to appreciate

#### God's Reassurance of His Servant.

"The word of the Lord came unto Abram in a vision." Whether or not the message was accompanied by any visible demonstration, such as followed a little later, whether the term designates some unusually clear apprehension of spiritual facts, or refers to other of the many ways in which God has been wont to communicate with men, we know not, nor does it matter; in any case it was the word of God which came, rebuking his fear and inspiring with fresh courage, "Fear not, Abram!" Why? First, because "I am thy shield"; for defence against every foe. In the words of a later psalm, "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them." So may every one intent on doing God's will, and looking to him for guidance, place him between himself and every threatening ill; not only God's power, but his ever watchful providence.

With like convincing argument, God meets the suggestion of failure which then pressed upon Abram's heart. What reward, he was saying, have I, for all this toil and exposure of myself and my possessions? The answer is: "I am thy exceeding great reward." Whatever else is gained or lost, this is secure, and this ought to suffice. Or, as David afterwards expressed it: "In thy favor is life; thy loving kindness is better than life." The reward, then, for his godly service was more than the gold or the treasures of Sodom, which this hero of faith had put away; it was God himself, his approbation, more than this, his *friendship*, including also his companionship; filling life with that sweetest of joys, the "walking together" of two thoroughly congenial friends, the unrestricted intercourse of two hearts which beat as one. And that is the best which life can offer to the most favored mortal—that which not only was the exceeding great reward of Abram, but is also the heritage of every one like minded and devoted.

#### Another Disturbing Thought.

There was another source of trouble to Abram, deeper and more pervasive to those which had seemed to be provided for. Within his lonely tent this childless old man doubtless often sat, looking out over his encampment and musing upon the future. To what purpose all this accumulation of riches? Was it only for the enrichment of this Eliazer, honored and trusted, to be sure, but after all only a bond servant, and neither kith nor kin of his? How he envied those with children growing up about them, to perpetuate their name and carry out their



plans! How small, compared with this "withheld completion," appeared the good things actually in hand! And we know all about this, too, do we not—the "crook in our lot," the one disappointed hope which casts its shadow over the sunniest prospect? If so, we can appreciate the sharp stab of pain which God's most gracious assurance thrust into Abram's sore heart, and the bitterness of his cry: "O Lord God, *what wilt thou give me*"; what canst thou give me to compensate for this which thou withholdest! (xv: 2, 3). It was his infirmity perhaps, but oh, how natural!

#### Comforted.

And quite as characteristic was God's response to human weakness. "The word of the Lord came unto him"; perhaps, as a memory—perhaps, as a sudden inspiration—assuring him that the promises already made (xiii: 14-16) meant more than his despondent thought took in—lineal descent, not mere adoption (xv: 4). It was just at evening twilight that this word came to Abram. And with it came an impulse to walk out and lift his eyes to where, now—

"Night's blue curtain of the sky  
With thousand stars is wrought,"

Hung over him. So countless, the blissful assurance dropped upon him, should be his posterity (xv: 5). That was enough; faith reasserted its control. Abram believed God. He was coming to know him better, and to appreciate his righteousness, his absolute trustworthiness. He honored the word which came to him from above; he rested upon it; and that righteous act doubly sealed the magnificent promise (xv: 6). So it is, that every trustful response of our hearts touches God's heart, and makes every gracious word of his surer than his "ordinances of the moon and the stars."

#### Faith Again Wavering.

Abram's apprehension of God, however, was not yet perfect by any means. And so it was that, on some early morning, a little later, as memory took him back to Ur of the Chaldees, and to the wonderful leadership under which he had been brought into this land of promise (v. 7), faith staggered again before the long delayed fulfillment of the promise. In distress he broke out: "O Lord God, *whereby* shall I know that I shall inherit it?" (v: 8). He would not willingly distrust, but, what if it were all but hallucination; this word which had once seemed so real, and had been so cheering! It brings this "father of the faithful" nearer to us, does it not, thus to trace our own alternations of hope and fear in the "friend of God"?

#### The Appeal to Sense.

Abram craved something sensible; and his condescending God granted his wish. By an impressive symbol, he prepared the way for another and more formal reassertion of his purpose. He made use, for this, of a symbol with which Abram was doubtless familiar, and which would, therefore, be helpful to him. We must judge of the transaction from his point of view, not from ours. This is another instance, also, in which we cannot say how God's word was communicated. It may have been by some audible voice; it may have been a divinely suggested impulse toward that blood covenant, which was, and is, among the Orientals, so sacred an ordinance. The one certain fact is that Abram recognized in it a word of God, and that, in obedience to that word, he prepared the sacrifice (vs. 9, 10). Then he took his station beside the slain animals awaiting further developments. All day long he waited, wakeful and watchful (v. 11), until near sunset. Then, overpowered by fatigue, he fell asleep and dreamed; his imaginations, taking color perhaps from his bodily condition. It was a dreadful dis-

closure to him—the stormy scenes and sad experiences through which his descendants must pass; only brightened, toward the last, by the promise of their triumphant deliverance, and of his own peaceful end. He should go to his fathers in peace; and be buried in a good old age; and, at the fitting time, they, also, should return to the land of promise, multiplied and enriched (vs. 12-16):

Mark here in passing, as another revelation of the righteous God, how his forbearance waited on even the corrupt people of the country. Not until every redeeming agency was exhausted, and the iniquity of the Amorites was full, would God doom them to temporal destruction. The justice meted out to them must be shot through and through with mercy; a justice which is but the sterner side of love. And that is the universal law!

#### God and Man in Covenant.

The sun had gone down. Darkness enwrapped the earth. A new phenomenon appeared. The likeness of a smoking furnace, and a flaming torch, passed between the divided sacrifice (v. 7). In substance, this was a familiar procedure to Abram. So, two men, wishing to join themselves together in an inviolable covenant, were wont to pass between slain animals plighting their troth. What was unique here was, that only the furnace and the torch, symbols of Jehovah, passed between. But this was because God's covenant with Abram was to be a covenant of *promise*, rather than of agreement; a one-sided covenant, so far as external formality was concerned; intended to bind himself to Abram, in a covenant which should emphasize *his own* gracious fidelity, rather than Abram's submissive devotion.

This was not a dream, we may surmise; this was an open-eyed vision, a revelation to exalted senses, under familiar forms. And with this came, it would seem, the reassuring, particularizing, transfer of all that land and its inhabitants, to Abram as the representative of Jehovah, and to his seed after him (vs. 18-21).

And its interest for us is threefold:

1. As an evidence of God's condescending wisdom in the training of his friend.
2. As a suggestion of the limitless scope and unfailing sureness of the riches of grace, which are our inheritance in Christ. And,
3. As an illustration of the spirit and method of God's revelation of himself to man in all ages; and of his loving preparation of man to enter into the fullness of the promise.

## Christian Endeavor Service.

By Rev. J. H. Good II.

Enemies and Arms. (Eph. vi: 10-18.)

Lesson VI. August 11, 1901.

The difference between success and failure in life is often the difference between the offensive and the defensive. Even in the Christian life we often have the idea that we are called to battle only when we are to defend ourselves from some savage attack. The slow rate of progress made by the church or any organizations of the Kingdom of God is largely owing to this misconception. How quietly we go on singing our hymns, saying our prayers and holding our enjoyable services! Unless the hosts of the wicked do something to arouse us or crowd us away from our base line, we do not disturb the forces of evil. The fear of aggressive effort against those conditions of society which must be removed before the Kingdom of God can "come" is one of the deplorable facts to be reckoned with.



There is such a thing as cowardly love of peace. When a man refuses to do the work God has sent him to do, because his peace may be endangered, he sacrifices his manhood. One of the remarkable features of the history of Jesus Christ is that he is called the Prince of Peace, while he attacked the stronghold of sin and fought battles with evil in the Jewish church, where the warfare made the greatest commotion. Using the arguments which are now urged in the interest of inaction, our Lord might have lived and died peacefully, obscurely and ineffectively. Ultimate peace often involves the sharpest conflict for the present. Many of us need to be reminded of that emphatic correction Jesus once uttered: "Think not that I am come to send peace on the earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword." The Christian who is not wielding a sword which the forces of evil feel to their discomfiture, cannot be an honor to the army of the Lord.

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One of the great truths to be considered at this meeting is our duty in carrying on a definite, intelligent and persistent warfare against the forms of evil which confront us, and prevent the will of God from being done in earth as it is in heaven. How to carry this conflict to success is the most important query. Some of us are very eager. We are so impatient to slash and cut and cast down, that we defeat our own commendable purpose. We waste valuable time in berating others. We urge methods which it would be folly for others, at least, to adopt. We sulk because our suggestions are not followed. We have the right spirit but need training. We are raw recruits; we remain raw too long.

\* \* \*

The Bible puts to the front the nature of the Christian life as an experience of war. We are called soldiers. The terms of warfare are used in describing our experience. In our reference for this meeting we have the most graphic description of our armor and its use. But one feature we are apt to forget: *we need drill*. Battles are not often won by "the awkward squad." We are afraid of active Christian work because we have little confidence in ourselves. Acquire it! Drill, as the new recruit does. Begin with something. Master one position, or motion. Pray aloud in your own room until you are not afraid of your own voice in prayer. Then do it in the presence of your comrades in the Christian ranks. The silent blessing at the table does not belong to the aggressive side of this war.

The sum of this exhortation given to the Ephesians is, that preparation and prayer are the two requirements in this war in which you and I have enlisted. We need to study carefully the use of all these weapons. There is something more than poetry or figure in this delineation. God has supplied us with an arsenal. The moving, responsible head of the army opposing us is more than human. We must have all that we can supply, and all that God has specially given, to enable us to fight with hope and success. What practical use of this passage have we ever made, excepting the mental stimulus it has afforded?

\* \* \*

Notice how prayer is placed in this preparation. Such is our reluctance and fear and natural indolence in Christian work that we greatly need to pray for disposition and skill and courage. This would be a new exercise for some of us. To go to God regularly and earnestly, asking him to incline our hearts to throw ourselves wisely and untiringly against some definite evil in the world, would produce a result at last surprising to ourselves. Others of us would be more efficient in what we attempt,

if to our zeal we could add devout prayer for guidance into wise methods and patient efforts.

It is not to be forgotten, here, that this experience of warfare is the best preparation of ourselves for the opportunities awaiting us in the life of the world to which we go. Every Christian ought to make a special study of what the Bible presents as the possibilities of the future. What awaits those who are careful in preparing themselves by faithful service, is enough to loosen the hold of the world and thrill a man through and through with hope and courage and expectation. The men who stand are the men who inherit!

### Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

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We are very glad to announce the return of Mrs. Farnum, the editor of this page, after her two years' trip abroad. Joining with her many friends we bid her a hearty welcome and hope she may soon resume her work here in thoroughly established health.

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### A Homeless Missionary.

[Extract from a private letter by Rev. C. R. Hager, Hongkong, China.]

"About Chinese New Year time we were moving in Hongkong, which has become very wearisome to me. Eighteen years in China with no mission house is not conducive to comfort or happiness. Since the Americans have come to Manila, rents have doubled in Hongkong; hence, with reduced appropriations, we are obliged to seek the cheaper houses, which is often a hindrance to the work. Then, a tiny little girl came into our house, and the mother and child had to be cared for, so that while our helpers were assembled in the country, I was playing the part of housekeeper, doctor and nurse in Hongkong. Having had to leave our former house, the friends of the German founding house have kindly taken us in for a few months. We have only two very small rooms, but we hope they will answer till we get something better. We have been thinking strongly and even planning to go into our new church building—that is, to live on the top floor; but the building is still unfurnished, and there will be a debt of some eight thousand dollars, U. S. coin. It would furnish us a comfortable home, but not an ideal one, for there is not one foot of yard on the premises; still, we would be near the Chinese, and they would not be obliged to go all over Hongkong to find us. Some times there is just the least bit of murmuring in my heart when I think I have been here so long and have not a comfortable place to live with my dear ones. For myself, I do not care. Chinese chapels or Chinese inns I do not despise. I suppose when the Lord wants us to have a permanent home he will provide us with one. He had no place that he could call his own, and we may have to follow in his steps.

### Chinese Indemnity.

At last the Chinese Government has paid our claims after reducing them considerably. We received only



from sixty to seventy per cent-on the original estimate. "A half-loaf is better than none," so we try to be satisfied. We shall, however, not be able to rebuild our Nan Ysun chapel and girls' school with the money paid back. The outcome will probably be that the girls' school will not be rebuilt. And it is a question whether we can build the chapel with the money on hand.

"Money, money, money!" That is the cry, and I have no doubt that you think me a confirmed beggar, but when there are so many calls for needed work, what can I do but present these needs to you. Here there ought to be a chapel opened, and there you are asked to support a teacher; here you must build a chapel, and there you must give to a preacher. The preachers, in their recent conference, decided to present a petition to me, asking for an increase of wages, as the highest salary any one of them receives is not more than five dollars per month in your money. Now, when food is as high as at present, it takes at least \$1.50 per month to feed one person; hence a preacher with a family of five or six persons has a difficult time to make both ends meet.

#### Progress.

Some nine persons have joined the church the present year, and the work is quietly and slowly progressing. We are longing to get into our new building, if only that ominous debt of \$8,000 in U. S. coin were not hanging over us.

#### China's Women.

In going to Cheung Sha I saw a sight that I shall never forget. In the early hours of the morning of the day, when Christ suffered crucifixion many years ago, twenty or more women were gathered around a triangular piece of ground, fifteen or twenty feet on each side, where three roads meet. They had lighted tapers, burning candles and offerings for the God of these cross roads. Some had also divining blocks, by means of which they were asking the god for a blessing on the future, or rather divining what that future should be. "What are you doing here?" I asked one of the women. "Worshipping the cross-roads," she answered; and for the moment I felt the awful weight of heathen night and superstition upon me. Is it possible that these poor, deluded women can suppose that these cross-roads can bring them any good? Alas, it is but too true! And there they kneel before a triangular hillock, as if their eternal existence depended upon their worship. I pass the picture on to you, my dear friends. Have we done enough for China? If I had had my camera with me, I would have photographed that scene, and then sent it to all the Christian women of the world, to show them what heathenism is and what remains to be done. I told the women that their worship was of no avail. But they need to be told this in their homes, when they can realize what the words mean, not in the midst of their worship, when they are apt to be offended if any one tells them that it is wrong. Oh, let us not relax our efforts for the millions still sunk in heathenism!

#### Japanese Notes.

By Dr. J. D. Davis.

Our Doshisha schools have just closed a successful year. Last Sabbath sixteen were baptized and received into the church, fourteen young women and two young men. Yesterday six young women were graduated, and today fourteen young men. The addresses were given on these occasions by Pastor Harada of Kobe and Pastor Miyagawa of Osaka, who were members of the resigning board of trustees two and a half years ago. They were strong Christian addresses.

The "Forward Movement" here has resulted in great gains during the last two months. Many thousands of inquirers after Christ have given in their names in Tokyo and Yokohama, and many hundreds in Kobe, Osaka and other places. Ten days ago meetings were begun here in one of our largest churches and it was packed with earnest listeners for seven nights in succession, and about one hundred and forty gave in their names as inquirers, and on the last evening about forty of them arose to express determination to accept Christ as their Savior. The meetings will be continued next week in other churches in the city. One of the best results of these meetings everywhere is the awakening of the lay members of the churches to do direct work. Companies of young men have been out in our crowded streets here with gospel banners for an hour before the meetings, inviting all to come to the meeting. We hope that this wave of effort and interest will spread over Japan, awakening every company of Christians and putting a new face upon all our work.

The assassination of Mr. Hoshi Toru, a prominent member of Parliament, by a man over fifty years old, who was impelled to do it, as he thought, for his country's sake, shows the application of "lynch law" in a new form. We have frequent illustrations of the same principle in the schools, where a class, or the whole school will "go on strike," because of some disapproval of a teacher or of the principal. They refuse to come to classes, or they retire from the school altogether until the matter is adjusted. The school authorities are showing more and more firmness in dealing with these cases, but it is a very difficult problem.

Japan is being powerfully leavened with many of the ideas which accompany a Christian civilization, but Christianity needs to take hold of the individual mind and heart and mold that.

Kyoto, June 29, 1901.

#### The Bright Spirit.

To the bright-spirited friend we always turn when we need human help. In affliction we have no use for the one who looks on the dark side of life. He is as useless as dark, lowering skies are to the already storm-beaten land.

It is the bright spirit that scatters sunbeams and lifts from the saddened soul the fact of sorrow. Just as the morning sun scatters the great black shadows of night, so does that sweet, happy spirit drive the sorrow and gloom from the atmosphere about it. It is no wonder that we look to the bright friend for help when we are submerged with affliction and sorrow. No other can help us in the dark hours of bereavement and trial. Just as the crushed, broken flower seeks to catch the sweet sunbeams, so do we turn to the bright soul. Would we help others in this world of pain and trial? Then let us seek to possess a bright spirit—one that forever wears the smile of God. Oh, what a power we shall then possess to stay the tide of gloom and sorrow! What sunny places we can then make upon the great desert of this world, and thus leave a pathway of glory behind us. Something sweeter and fairer than roses and lilies will light up the paths in which we have walked. Of all beautiful things in the world, a bright spirit is the most desirable. We may have it if we will.—Christian Intelligencer.

It is when we feel all broken up and wasted, and that we can only bring the bits to God, that he says: "Come," and he will take us and mend us and make us whole again.—Mrs. Whitney.



### The Conversion of Matthew.

(A synopsis of a sermon by Rev. E. L. Smith of Pilgrim church, Seattle.)

Men often gauge their thought upon the subject of conversion by the experience of St. Paul. To many there can be no conversion unless their experience partakes of the striking and supernatural features which marked Paul's. To all such we commend the experience of Matthew as equally true, radical and complete a conversion, but one which has been duplicated many times and one which comes nearer to the way God calls the average man into his kingdom.

The scene of Matthew's conversion is as remarkable for what is absent as for what is present. There was no previous struggle, no demonstration or argument, so far as the record goes—simply a command, swift, direct and overwhelming, and an obedience, an abandonment of self startling in its completeness and sacrificial character.

There was the manifestation of a splendid faith. No connection with a creed or an ordinance, and yet without doubt founded upon a conviction previously attained by patient thought and observation. But the faith was in the arising and the following, as it is always. Founded upon an intellectual process, it is finally an act of the will which does the thing commanded.

The faith led into a condition of salvation which began as soon as Matthew yielded to the promptings of his conscience and followed. He came at once into a new spiritual condition, a fellowship, a habit of action resulting from the new and enthusiastic love of the Master, whom he followed. The old life was shed, forsaken, as the new gained power, and it was a life animated by a constraining love which determined every question of conduct. This was, and is forever, salvation.

But the escape from the old was not complete in the instant of the obedience. It is not so with many men. The new life is a growth and its method is Matthew's method—continual assimilation through contact with the Master. As Hilda sitting before the Beatrice of Guido Reine gradually absorbed its spirit so completely into her soul that she could reproduce the picture which she was forbidden to copy, so did Matthew, and so may we, assimilate the spirit of Christ from our close and ceaseless communion with him, until at last all the difficulties and troubles of the godless life have vanished through the power of the life which has come to us in Christ."

### Book Notices.

"Joy in the Divine Government," by L. A. Gotwald, D.D., late professor of Practical Theology, Wittenberg Theological Seminary, Wittenberg, Ohio. This is the subject of the first of a volume of able sermons. Among the subjects treated are: God's Angels Meeting Us in the Way; The Divine Law of Self-Surrender; Concerning Our Temptations; An Uplifted Savior the Great Attraction; Religious Duty Better than Religious Enjoyment; and The Resurrection Body. (F. H. Revell Co. Chicago. Pp. 314. \$1.25.)

"Bobtail Dixie," by Abbie N. Smith. Reference is made to this highly interesting book in an editorial note in *The Pacific* this week. We give here the table of contents, showing the course through which Dixie takes the reader in giving his life story: When I Was a Puppy; My Journey; My New Home; My Experience in Running Away; My Far-Away Friends; In Disgrace; A Great Event; That Cat; Seeking a Playmate; What a Dog Likes; Big Dogs; Dog Days; "Bow-wow-wow";

Going A-Fishing; Good-bye to You. The book is handsomely illustrated, and may be had for \$1 of the Abbey Press, Publishers, 114 Fifth Avenue, N. Y., or the author, Miss Abbie N. Smith, 61 Williams street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

"The Man Paul: Studies of his Character," by Robert E. Speer. We regard this as an exceedingly valuable book. The studies are limited, as the title shows, to the man as distinguished from his life, his work, or his thought concise, are thorough; and in their treatment, suggestive and stimulating. It would form an admirable text-book for use in Bible classes by pastors or others. In setting forth the man, moreover—his mental and moral characteristics; his motives, his aims and his thought. Within these limits, however, the studies, methods—it indirectly serves the other purpose of illuminating his work and his thought. Mr. Speer has rendered the whole church his debtor in this modest little volume. (Revell Co., Chicago. Pp. 303. 75 cents.)

"A Soldier in Two Armies," by Rev. George Arthur Andrews. This is the biography of Charles Abraham Hart, better known as "Carl," who enlisted for the war with Spain, when he was sixteen years old, and who died in Porto Rico just before his seventeenth birthday. He was a manly boy, of remarkable athletic ability, a natural leader, and a simple, earnest Christian. He prized his football equipment and his Christian Endeavor pin, both representing elements of his life in which his interest was most hearty and healthy. A vigorous Christian and a Christian athlete, he entered military service from a sense of duty, and carried his clean and spiritual manliness through all the temptations of life in camp, on transports, in the field and the hospital. Such a story is good to read and good to think about. It must be an inspiration to manly living on the part of all its readers. (The Pilgrim Press, Boston. Pp. 123. 60 cents, net.)

"Irene Petrie, Missionary to Cashmere," by Mrs. Ashley Canis-Wilson, B.A. The memoir of a richly-endowed and educated girl, who gladly put behind her advantages of high social rank, wealth and culture in England, that she might give herself to mission work in Northern India. "She was," says Mr. Robert E. Speer, in an introduction furnished by him, "one of the first representatives of the missionary movement among students to fall in the forefront of foreign missions," and this is "the first biography of a student Volunteer." Her term of service on the field was brief, less than four years in all; then "God's finger touched her and she died" in the Tibetan city of Leh, where the Himalayan mountain peaks look down upon her lonely grave. But as in the case of others, who, like Harriet Newell among the pioneers of our American missions, and others of later date, have laid down their task apparently incomplete, Irene Petrie's widest and most enduring work may be in the inspiration which her consecrated life will impart to other generous and cultivated young souls; in whose similarly devoted lives she being dead may continue to speak. For its greatest usefulness it could be wished that the author's style were more restrained, and the length of the narrative curtailed; but it is a thoroughly interesting and valuable book. The printers' and the binders' part are also well done. (F. H. Revell Co. Pp. 324. \$1.50.)

There is but one way I know of conversing safely with all men; that is, not by concealing what we say or do, but by saying or doing nothing that deserves to be concealed.—Pope.



## Church News.

### Northern California.

San Mateo.—The pastor left on Tuesday for a much-needed rest. He and his family will be absent a month or six weeks, which they will spend in Trinity county. During his absence the pulpit will be occupied by Rev. Frank N. Greeley of Berkeley.

San Francisco Third.—On Sunday morning the pastor preached on "The Power and Helplessness of Man." In the evening the theme was "The Hammer of Jeremiah." The pastor is organizing a class of children and young people on Friday afternoons for catechetical instruction.

Woodland.—The unusual has come to pass in this church. The usual is to close doors early for a summer vacation. The doors here have been open, and while people usually refuse to attend services in hot weather, the church here has noted a steady increase in attendance throughout the whole year, and what is most gratifying to note, the morning audiences are the largest we have had for the year while the evening audiences are still larger. The Sunday-school is in excellent condition, having lately installed kindergarten methods in the infant room, under the care of the pastor's wife as Superintendent. The Endeavor Society pays regularly a large share of the running expenses of the church. The building is to be repaired and decorated, and already the subscriptions have begun to come in for this purpose. One lady gives \$50. Our pastor, Dr. W. E. M. Stewart, said, on coming to us, "I take no stock in the sad wail about the evening service being a burden, and an evening audience impossible." He was warned to wait, "for California people will not attend." He was still very hopeful, and so are we all, when we go into the church and see it well filled each evening. Hopefulness, hardwork and good preaching will even bring out the Californian to church on a hot summer evening. This is our first experience in running the church under a high pressure during the dull days, and it works so well as to be a marked success.

### Southern California.

Pasadena.—Rev. Herbert W. Lathe, pastor of First church, Pasadena, takes his vacation in August at Lake Tahoe.

Avalon.—The summer season brings very large congregations to Sunday services at this seaside resort. The audience room of the plain church has been redecorated, the new paper being of a restful olive green color. Opalescent glass is to be placed in the alcove windows. The pastor, Rev. C. W. Williams, and his church, are determined to make the very best of what they have till they can have a new church.

Eagle Rock.—Four members were received into this church Monday, July 21st—all on confession of faith. All its meetings are well attended. But La Canada, in charge of the same pastor, Rev. Otto Anderson, reports only a fair attendance at preaching service, and a small Sunday-school. This is due to population reduced by drought of previous years. Only fourteen children are enrolled in the public school.

Los Angeles, Bethlehem.—The number of persons taking advantage of the public baths connected with the institutional department of this church is very large. For the last three weeks the average number of bathers per

week has been 760. A general admission fee of five cents each covers expense of towels, soap and bathing suits. The Good Samaritan Department, while furnishing clothing free of cost to the very needy, also gives opportunity to those earning small wages to buy at very low rates, thus encouraging to self-support and contributing to the self-respect of those who buy. The money secured in this way will be used in charitable work. The Bethlehem Sunday-school has its annual picnic Friday, July 26th, at Terminal Island.

Saratoga.—Mr. Henry Plant has been called to general Sunday-school work in Colorado, and leaves with his wife about the middle of August for that important field. The Saratoga S. S., which has felt his force as organizer and teacher and leader of the orchestra, are much saddened; yet is there sorrow touched with joy that they can offer such a prize to a sister commonwealth. Some other faithful worker will be set to lead. Thank God, there are several such.

Ventura.—Pastor C. N. Queen has been interested in a plan to get hold of the boys. Largely through his influence the Ventura County Cadets were organized several months since. Most of the churches in the county were affiliated in the movement. The design was to bring the boys together under military restrictions and wholesome environment, culminating in the summer season with an outing of several days in camp. Conditions of membership were: age from 12 to 21, membership in some Sunday-school, a pledge not to use profane language, liquors or tobacco. Each town in the county has a local company, which meets for military drill once each week, and every second Sunday for religious service. The Cadets spent the last two weeks of June in the mountains. There were 128 in camp. No serious accidents occurred, though some fainted from the heat and many suffered from poison oak and sunburnt backs. The boys had a grand time; got gloriously tired, and were glad to get home. There are many ways of approach to the kingdom. We trust this will prove to be a most favored one.

### Notes and Personals.

Campbell rejoices that Prof. J. Fred Smith was not taken away from them.

During the pastor's vacation the auditorium of the San Jose church will be recarpeted.

The silver communion service in use at Santa Cruz since 1867 has been replaced by individual cups.

The Pacific Theological Seminary library, consisting of 7,000 volumes, has been reclassified by Professor Foster.

The Saratoga Y. P. S. C. E. heard an account of the Epworth League Convention from Harry Krick last Sunday.

Revs. Milliken of Cupertino and Williams of Saratoga exchanged last Sunday. Both preached on the "Christian Use of Vacation."

The Pacific would be advantaged by a little more money on subscription than it has been receiving of late. Please examine those labels bearing the names and addresses.

Miss Emily Brown of Kobe leaves Saratoga this week for her home in Ohio. She says the kindness of the Saratoga Missionary Settlement and the skill of the San Jose Sanitarium have restored her to health and she is very grateful.



The Rev. Alonzo Rogers of Whatcom, Washington, died July 25th. Mr. Rogers, while pastor at Whatcom about eighteen months ago, sustained a stroke of paralysis, which laid him aside from the work of the ministry. Before going to Whatcom he was pastor at Forest Grove, Oregon.

There will be no meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity next Monday. Instead of the regular meeting there will be a union meeting of various denominations in the Y. M. C. A. auditorium to discuss the question of evangelistic services in this city in the near future.

Rev. and Mrs. F. N. Greeley returned to their Berkeley home last week after a three weeks' sojourn at Santa Barbara, where Mr. Greeley supplied the pulpit of the Congregational church for three Sundays. During August Mr. Greeley will supply at San Mateo. The churches are to be congratulated in that there is available for supply work a brother so acceptable wherever he goes.

In April a meeting was held in the First church of Oakland by the Congregational Christian Endeavorers of Alameda county and what is known as "The Congregational Young People's Association" was organized. It decided to issue a paper occasionally for the furtherance of its work. The first number was published recently. It is called The News Letter. The object of the organization is to promote the interests of both home and foreign missions.

The church at Tulare has adopted resolutions recording its appreciation of the faithfulness with which the Rev. E. D. Weage labored as pastor there for seven years. It is stated that Mr. Weage, by his Christian example and courage, helped them over many discouraging times in their history, and especially in the rebuilding of the church. Judging from what he has been to them they express the belief that the church which has secured him will not fail to gain greatly in spirituality through the inspiration of his sermons and his faithful ministry.

### Inland Empire Letter.

By Iorwerth.

Pursuant to letters missive a Congregational Council met at Mullan, Idaho, July 21st, to recognize the church recently organized at that place. Rev. Samuel Greene was elected Moderator, and Rev. J. Edwards Scribe. After careful investigation of what the church had done, the conditions and prospects, the Council voted to proceed in the service of recognition. There were 23 received into fellowship, four on confession of faith. At the public service in the evening Rev. Samuel Greene extended to the members the right hand of fellowship. Rev. W. W. Scudder, Superintendent of Home Missions, preached the sermon. Other parts were taken by Rev. A. R. Johnson and Rev. Edmund Owens. This young, vigorous church, in one of the prominent mining camps of Northern Idaho, is one of the first fruits of the labors of Rev. Edmund Owens. Mullan is a town of at least 1,200 people, with promise of growth. The output of one of the mines last year amounted to \$1,600,000, and another one half that amount.

The people are already planning to build a church, and the work promises to develop in a wholesome manner.

### OPEN-AIR EVANGELISM.

It is generally conceded that new methods of evangelism are necessary to meet the needs of the day. We are compelled to acknowledge the futility of many of the

old methods once successful. The writer believes that the method going on in Northern Idaho this summer is one that should be more generally adopted if the masses are to hear the gospel. Evangelist Frank Dickson of Spokane and Rev. H. W. Fulton of Beaver, Pa., assisted by Mr. E. Rice of Colville, began a series of meetings at Wardner, Idaho, July 1st. The meetings were held on the street from 7:30 to 8:30 every night, in front of the largest saloon and billiard-hall in the town. A Mason & Hamlin baby organ was used. Some solos were sung, but generally the old hymns and tunes were used and the people joined heartily in the singing. Rev. Fulton did the most of the preaching and his sermons were strong, logical and evangelical. There were two or three hundred men around the speaker—ninety per cent non-church-goers—every night, and the attention and seriousness was equal to that of any congregation in a church. On Sunday afternoon a meeting was held in the billiard hall, and about one hundred men listened with profound interest to a strong sermon from Mr. Fulton. Revs. E. Owens and J. Edwards preached a few times.

This method commends itself because it is the only way to reach the masses. Take Wardner; the church-going element is not more than twenty-five per cent of the population. And if the masses are to hear the gospel at all, it must be taken to them or preached in public places. I saw saloon-keepers, bartenders, gamblers and others that would not think of going inside of a church, listening attentively to a sermon on the street. This method commends itself to the public. The expression has been heard over and over again from hardened sinners, "This is the way to reach the people"; "We like such street meetings," etc. A barber, born and bred in the Catholic church, said to his wife, "The boys think that all of them would be converted if such meetings were held right along."

As to results it is difficult to estimate with certainty. The testimony of a number is that they have been made better men as the result of the meetings, and it is known that some definitely decided to live Christian lives. It revived some lukewarm Christians and made the timid bold to stand up for Christ. It created confidence in those alienated from the churches in the Christian manliness of the servants of Jesus Christ and made them more susceptible of religious impressions.

It convinced the writer and others that no minister of the gospel, laboring amid conditions similar to those existing in this region, as well as many others, can reasonably deem himself as fully discharging his duties unless he uses like methods. This experiment demonstrated that the successful conduct of open-air meetings does not necessitate the sensational expedients often resorted to, and which have in a great measure brought them into disrepute among the most rational of those expected to be influenced.

The work goes on; two weeks were given to Mullan, and at present services are held at Burke, where there is no house of worship.

San Francisco, July 24, 1901.

The Entertainment Committee of the Fifth International Convention of the Epworth League wishes to thank all those who so kindly furnished accommodations for our guests while they were in our midst. Also of the daily and religious press of San Francisco, Oakland, Alameda and Berkeley for the generous use of space for the use of this committee and all others who in any way assisted in the work of this committee.

Very sincerely,

Chas. H. J. Truman, Chairman.  
J. E. White, Secretary.



## Oregon Letter.

By George H. Himes.

Rev. Austin Rice and wife of Walla Walla, Wash., are spending their vacation days with friends at Forest Grove. He will preach in the First church of this city next Sunday.

On Friday next Rev. Dr. Ackerman will start East, and will preach at Denver on the Sunday following, and the next Sunday he will preach in Chicago. He will attend the National Council in Portland, Me., in October, and return to Portland the last of that month.

On last Friday afternoon, the 26th inst., a council composed of Rev. A. W. Ackerman, D.D., Dr. W. M. Cake, Rev. D. B. Gray of the Portland First church, Rev. E. P. Hughes, C. H. Bamford and Deacon A. E. Rice of the Hillsboro church, A. M. Porter of the Gaston church, Rev. Cephas F. Clapp and Rev. Henry L. Bates of the Forest Grove church, assembled at Marsh Hall to ordain Mr. Philip E. Bauer to the ministry. The sermon was preached by Dr. Ackerman, and the prayer was offered by Rev. H. L. Bates. Mr. and Mrs. Bauer will leave Forest Grove for Ashland, Wisconsin, the last of August, he having received a call from the Congregational church there. He will also be assistant principal of the Ashland Academy, Mrs. Bauer having been engaged as principal.

The membership of St. David's (Episcopal) church are to be congratulated upon at last perfecting arrangements for the completion of its new church. The foundation was laid a number of years ago, and the walls partly erected, but for good reasons work upon the edifice ceased. Now the church will be completed and it will be a great joy to Rev. George B. Van Waters, the able and efficient rector, and his congregation, as well as the people of the east side generally. The location is a beautiful one at the corner of East Twelfth and Belmont, a locality of beautiful homes, and will add materially to the growth of that region.

The members of Centenary Methodist church were greatly shocked last Tuesday by the sudden death of Rev. George W. Gue, D.D., its pastor. He was actively engaged as one of the Reception Committee to meet the incoming delegates to the recent Epworth League Convention, San Francisco, many of whom were returning to their Eastern homes by this way. He was always very active in the propagation of Methodism. In early life he was chaplain in the 108th Illinois Infantry from 1862 to 1865. After several pastorates in Illinois he was transferred to Oregon eleven years ago, and was the pastor of Grace Methodist church, this city; then he was appointed Presiding Elder of this district, in which capacity he served until nearly a year ago, when he was appointed pastor of Centenary church, and was closing a year of unusual activity and growth in the church.

The value and excellence of Portland as a charming and comfortable summer resort was never more greatly emphasized than it has been during the past four weeks. Hundreds of visitors have made this their home during some portion of that time, and rejoice greatly because of their choice. The incomparable trip up the Columbia river to The Dalles and return, two hundred and twenty miles being the length of the round trip, has been enjoyed by a large number. The White Collac steamer line make the entire trip between the hours of 7 a.m. and 10 p. m., and it is safe to say that there is no other equal distance on this continent when so much that is grandly beautiful can be seen from the deck of a swiftly moving and handsomely equipped steamboat such as is the "Bailey Gatzert."

Portland, July 28, 1901.

The Golden Gate C. E. Union and the Epworth League Alliance of San Francisco will hold a union meeting tonight at the First United Presbyterian church. Among the speakers will be the Rev. Dr. Bashford, President of Ohio Wesleyan University and Dr. Minton of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary.

## A Railway Incident.

"Three things declare a man," said the old Jewish rabbi—"his voice, his purse and his anger." Had he lived in these days he would surely have added a fourth—his "railroad manners." The following good story from the "Boston Record" will illustrate:

A gentleman prominent in legal circles in Boston was recently riding in a train, and in the seat before him was a young and gaily-dressed damsel. The car was pretty full, and presently an elderly woman entered, and finding no seat vacant but the one beside the young woman mentioned, sat down beside her.

She was a decently-dressed woman, but apparently of humble station, and she carried several clumsy bundles, which were evidently a serious annoyance to her seat-mate. The young woman made no effort to conceal her vexation, but in the most conspicuous manner showed the passengers around that she considered it an impertinent intrusion for the new-comer to presume to sit down beside her.

In a few moments the old woman, depositing her packages upon the seat, went across the car to speak to an acquaintance, whom she discovered on the opposite side of the aisle. The lawyer leaned forward to the offended young lady, and courteously asked if she would change seats with him.

A smile of gratified vanity showed how pleased she was to have attracted the notice of so distinguished-looking a gentleman. "Oh, thank you ever so much," she said, effusively. "I should like to, but it would be as bad for you as for me to sit beside such an old woman."

"I beg your pardon," he responded with undiminished deference of manner, "it was not your comfort I was thinking of, but the old lady's."

## The Dying Girl

I went once to see a dying girl whom the world had roughly treated. She never had a father; she never knew her mother. Her home had been the poorhouse; her couch the hospital cot; and yet, as she staggered in her weakness there, she picked up a little of the alphabet, enough to spell out the New Testament, and she had touched the hem of the Master's garment and had learned the new song. And I never trembled in the presence of majesty as I did in the majesty of her presence as she came near the crossing.

"Oh, sir," she said, "God sends his angels. I read in his word: 'Are they not ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them who shall be the heirs of salvation?' And when I am lying in my cot they stand about me on this floor, and when the heavy darkness comes and this poor side aches so severely he comes, for he says, 'Lo, I am with you,' and I sleep, I rest."—Bishop C. H. Fowler.

Blest be that spot where cheerful guests retire  
To pause from toil and trim their evening fire;  
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,  
And every stranger finds a ready chair:  
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,  
Where all the ruddy family around  
Laugh at the jest or pranks, that never fail,  
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,  
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,  
And learn the luxury of doing good.

—Oliver Goldsmith.



## The Home.

### The Woman Who Wrote.

A woman there was, and she wrote for the press—  
As you or I might do;  
She told how to cut and fit a dress,  
And how to stew many a savory mess,  
But she never had done it herself, I guess—  
Which none of her readers knew.

O the hour we spent, and the flour we spent,  
And the sugar we wasted like sand,  
At the hearth of a woman who never had cooked—  
And now we know that she never could cook—  
And did not understand.

A woman there was, and she wrote right fair—  
As you or I might do;  
How out of a barrel to make a chair,  
To be covered with chintz and stuffed with hair,  
'Twould adorn any parlor, and give it an air!—  
And we thought the tale was true.

O the days we worked, and the ways we worked,  
To hammer and saw and hack,  
In making a chair in which no one would sit,  
A chair in which no one could possibly sit  
Without a creak in his back.

A woman there was, and she had her fun—  
Better than you or I;  
She wrote out receipts and she never tried one,  
She wrote about children—of course she had none—  
She told us to do what she never had done—  
And never intended to try.

And it isn't to toil, and it isn't to spoil,  
That brims the cup of disgrace—  
It's to follow a woman who don't know beans—  
A woman who never had cooked any beans—  
But wrote, and was paid to fill space.

—Congregationalist.

### Truly a Helpmeet.

In his "Recollections of a Lifetime," Gen. Roeliff Brinkerhoff gives a delightful picture of the wife of Andrew Jackson. "I have often wondered," he says, "what it was in this diffident, retiring, uncultured woman which so won all hearts that came within the sphere of her influence.

"When I went to the Hermitage," continues General Brinkerhoff, "Mrs. Jackson had been dead for nearly twenty years; yet the aroma of her presence filled the air and penetrated every nook and corner of the neighborhood. She dominated the volcanic nature of her fiery husband as the sun dominates the humid vapors of the morning.

"There never was a moment in Jackson's married life but he would have died for her upon the rack or at the stake. Even in death, her influence ceased not, and at the White House her memory with Jackson was more powerful than Congress, cabinets or kings. It controlled his passions; it curbed his tongue; it held him true to his convictions of right and duty.

"In public and in private life, in the White House and at the Hermitage, down to the day of his death, Jackson never retired to rest without taking from his bosom the miniature portrait of his wife, and placed it in such a position, propped up against his Bible, that it should be the last thing seen before he went into the land of dreams and the first to greet him with the morning light.

"Over her grave in the little temple in the Hermitage garden is a plain marble slab, and upon it is this inscription, written by her husband:

"Here lie the remains of Mrs. Rachel Jackson, wife of President Jackson, who died the 22d of December,

1828, aged sixty-one. Her face was fair, her person pleasing, her temper amiable, her heart kind; she delighted in relieving the wants of her fellow-creatures, and cultivated that divine pleasure by the most liberal and unpretending methods: to the poor she was a benefactor; to the rich an example; to the wretched a comforter; to the prosperous an ornament. Her piety went hand in hand with her benevolence, and she thanked her Creator for being permitted to do good. A being so gentle and virtuous, slander might wound but not dishonor. Even death, when he tore her from the arms of her husband, could but transport her to the bosom of God."

### Women Need a Simple Life.

In writing of the boasted progress of the last century, "An American Mother" asks, in the "Ladies' Home Journal" for June: "What has the nineteenth century done to the women herself? Are her school-training, her colleges, and her work in art and literature making her a more womanly woman, more fit to be a wife and mother? If not, they are losses to her, not gains. The chief change which the last century made in the American woman was that it tempted her to give up for the new occupations of art, reform and money-making, her own real worth as a home-maker, wife and mother. The nineteenth century has dragged our women from their natural base. It has given them noble surroundings for their lives—literature, art, social power. But they are not content. They are nervous and restless beyond any former race of women. The food given them is too light. They look out on the world with starved eyes. The wiser among them are finding out that what they want is not show and public work and applause, but a simple life, repose and the homely affections of home."

### A Suggestive Thought.

All the best things in this world are scattered with a lavish hand and we do not know how rich we are until we sit down to reckon up our treasures. The love of parents, the affection of brothers and sisters, the help of teachers, the sympathy of friends, the companionship of books, the gift of children, the joys of home, are given to all sorts and conditions of men. If those you love and who love you have been spared to you another year, there ought to be a thanksgiving season in your home. What is any failure in business, or calamity in fortune, or disappointment in ambition, or weariness in labor, or infirmity in health, compared with the loss of a husband, or wife or child? Into many a home death has come and glory has vanished from the earth. But even in these homes there is reason for thanksgiving, and the sorrow should not be that of those who sorrow without hope. The promise of the life eternal is ours and ours the expectation of a glad reunion.—Chas. E. Jefferson, D.D.

A rather cynical toast runs thus: "Woman—she requires no eulogy; she speaks for herself." At the marriage supper of a deaf and dumb couple, one guest in the speech of the evening wished them "unspeakable bliss." A writer of comedies was giving a banquet in honor of his latest work, at which a jovial guest gave the toast: "The author's good health. May he live to be as old as his jokes." At another gathering were toasted "The Bench and the Bar; if it were not for the Bar there would be little use for the Bench." As pithy was the following toast, proposed at a shoemaker's dinner: "May we all have the women to shoe, and all the men to boot." A Frenchman said at a dinner, "I drink to the health of all who are sick."



### A Dog's Religion.

When the editor returned home the other day from a Conference session, he found his household in tears. His splendid, big St. Bernard dog had just died. Some wretched biped, lower in the moral scale than any respectable quadruped, had given her poison. The noble, beautiful brute had endeared herself to all who knew her, and her loss was felt throughout the neighborhood. Gentle, kind, deeply affectionate, lavishing love and longing for it in return, appreciative, happy always, and laughing after her fashion, a playmate with children, a prime favorite in all games, attracting notice everywhere by her stature, fine head, eyes, and markings—it is not wonderful that Gypsy's death brought a grief that was deep and sincere.

We trust that it will not be set down to any merely sentimental weakness when we admit how we shall miss her. Always the first to greet us after an absence, the glad companion in our walks together, the associate of our hours in the study, the faithful guardian of the home, she fulfilled well every canine duty. In her last agonizing sickness, suffering torture for days, she showed remarkable patience and tried to be cheerful.

If there is one among our readers, young or old, who has ever truly loved some member of the dumb brotherhood beneath us—some magnificent horse or dog that seemed human in all but speech—that will blame us for this tribute? Are not men made better by such affections? Is it not a true sign of our deepening civilization, of the increasing power of a religion of pity, sympathy, and tenderness, that we are drawn by such ties to the animal creation, unto whom we are the divinely-appointed over-lords? Such books as "Rab and His Friends," "Bob, Son of Battle," "Black Beauty," and "Beautiful Joe," touch a true chord in every feeling heart.—Dr. Gilbert, in Western Christian Advocate.

### "Lo, Here, and Lo, There."

"In spite of the fact that the great Teacher has given explicit warning against religious frauds and deceptions, there are yet many who would, it seems, rather follow a new humbug than walk in the old and successful ways of truth. To all such, and to others who might become such, we commend the following words of Christ: 'Then, if any man shall say unto you, Lo, here is Christ, or there, believe it not. For there shall arise false Christs and false prophets, and shall show great signs and wonders; inasmuch that, if it were possible they shall deceive the very elect.' These false prophets are abroad, the signs and wonders are displayed, and the elect are in danger. Beware!"

The above, from the "Wesleyan Christian Advocate," applies as well to the Pacific Coast as to the Atlantic seaboard. In proportion to population, there are doubtless more religious frauds, quacks, and charlatans in the West than are to be found anywhere else under the sun. Every man who is called of God to preach the gospel should unmask his batteries upon these abominations. The "Evening Post" deserves the thanks of all decent people, and is to be congratulated upon having just this week broken up a "divine healing" establishment in this city. Turn on the light—the more the better.—Pacific Methodist Advocate.

### Henry Clay's Debt Was Paid.

Henry Clay was at one time considerably distressed by a large debt due to the bank. Some of his friends heard of this, and quietly raised the money and paid off the debt without notifying Mr. Clay. In utter ignorance

of what had been going on, he went to the bank one day, and, addressing the cashier, said, "I have called to see you in reference to that debt of mine to the bank."

"You don't owe us anything," was the reply.

Mr. Clay looked inquiringly and said: "You don't understand me. I came to see you about that debt which I am owing the bank."

"You don't owe us anything."

"Why! How am I to understand you?"

"A number of your friends have contributed and paid off that debt, and you do not owe this bank one dollar."

The tears rushed to Mr. Clay's eyes, and, unable to speak, he turned and walked out of the bank.

This is a faint image of what Jesus Christ has done for us.—Ram's Horn.

### A Pretty Custom.

There is a pretty custom in the imperial family of Germany, which dates from time immemorial. On the birthday of one of the royal children the empress goes through the stock of toys which has been accumulating since the child's last birthday, and sends all, except a few special favorites, to the sick children in hospitals.

The present kaiserin, who is the most motherly of women, has paid special attention to this custom, and on the occasion of little Princess Victoria Louise's birthday, which occurred some time ago, her majesty packed with her own hands a large case of dollies, picture books and little dishes, all in a fair state of preservation, and had them sent to the little sufferers.

The sick children are always told who sends the presents, and in past years this has resulted in the saving of some curious and interesting relics. In this way the battered tin soldiers which amused the childhood of Old Kaiser William have been saved from the wreck of time.—Sunday Afternoon.

### The Footpath of Peace.

To be glad of life, because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars; to be satisfied with your possessions, but not content with yourself until you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness, and to fear nothing except cowardice; to be governed by your admirations rather than by your disgusts; to covet nothing that is your neighbor's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners; to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends, and every day of Christ; and to spend as much time as you can, with body and spirit, in God's out-of-doos—these are little guide-posts on the footpath to peace.—Dr. Henry Vandyke.

### Grow Straight.

While you are growing you are forming your figure for life. If you are accustomed to crouch down in your seat at school, if you walk with stooped shoulders, if you stand so that one hip is higher than the other, if you twist your head to one side, be certain that this will be your appearance when you have grown to manhood and womanhood.

Keep your head up, your chest out and your abdomen in when walking. Do not crouch down on your spine when seated. When standing, make the hip-bones support the weight of all the upper part of the body; that is why they are made so broad and strong. If your nose, chest and toes touch the wall when you stand facing it, your body is in good position. Practice this until you have an erect carriage that will not only add to your health, but to your appearance.—Presbyterian.



## Our Boys and Girls.

### Real Love.

"'I love you, mother,' said little John;  
Then, forgetting his work, his cap went on,  
And he was off to the garden swing,  
And left her the water and wood to bring.

"'I love you, mother,' said Rosy Nell—  
'Love you better than love can tell.'  
Then she teased and pouted full half the day,  
Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"'I love you mother,' said little Fan;  
'Today I'll help you all I can.  
How glad I am that school doesn't keep!  
So she rocked the baby till it fell asleep.

"Then, stepping softly, she brought the broom,  
And swept the floor and dusted the room.  
Busy and happy all day was she,  
Helpful and happy as child could be.

"'I love you, mother,' again they said,  
Three little children going to bed.  
Do you suppose that mother guessed  
Which of them really loved her best?"

—Selected.

### Bertha's Lesson.

KATE SUMNER GATES.

"There," said Bertha Lane, "I believe that I am ready. I am so glad you had some errands for me to do, mamma, it is such a lovely morning for a ride."

"Are you going alone?" asked Mrs. Lane, as she handed Bertha her list.

"Why, no. I thought I would stop for Grace. I want to talk up the social with her. Why did you ask?"

"I was thinking of Miss Esther. She would enjoy a ride very much, I presume, and it would do her ever so much good."

"O mother!" cried Bertha, with a little pout, "why will you be continually having such horrid things occur to you? Miss Esther might enjoy it, but I am sure I shouldn't. She would tell me all her aches and pains, and find some fault with everybody in town."

"Perhaps, my dear daughter, if you were as old as poor Miss Esther, and lived all by yourself, you would find it a comfort to tell somebody about your aches and pains; and when she tells you of other people's faults, why can't you tell her of their virtues?"

But Bertha shook her head.

"I can't be bothered with her this morning," she said. "I don't feel one bit like it. It is much too lovely a morning to spoil riding around with any one as uncomfortable as Miss Esther," and with a good-bye kiss Bertha ran off before her mother could say anything more.

But somehow the day did not seem half so bright and beautiful to her as it had, and she shrugged her shoulders impatiently as she drove down the street.

"I do wish mamma wouldn't always spoil my nice times! It's tiresome to have to be doing something for somebody all the time. One ought to have a chance to please one's self once in a while," she said to herself.

But all the while conscience was reproaching her sharply. "You have missed more than Miss Esther has. She has only lost a little pleasure, but you have lost an opportunity to do a service for your Master."

On the whole, the ride was not as enjoyable by half as Bertha had anticipated, and she presented herself at the dinner table in rather an unsatisfactory frame of mind.

After dinner she curled herself up on the lounge and

tried to forget her vexation in a new book. The first she knew, she seemed to herself to have changed into an old woman. Her hair was thin and gray, her teeth were gone, her face was wrinkled and worn, her shoulders were bent, and she could only walk with a cane on account of rheumatism. She reminded herself so much of Miss Esther. How enviously she looked at the young folks about her! They seemed so full of life and happiness, and so unmindful of her forlorn, pitiable condition. "It wouldn't hurt them any to stop and inquire for a poor old woman, and show her a little sympathy," she said, bitterly. "My Bible says we should bear one another's burdens and comfort the afflicted, but all they seem to think of is to have a good time themselves. It's nothing to them how miserable and lonely a poor old body like me is!" And then, just as she was wiping away the fast-flowing tears, Bertha awoke with a start to find herself still young, strong and healthy.

"Oh, dear! But it was simply dreadful," she said, rubbing her eyes to be sure that she was awake. "I wonder if poor Miss Esther feels half as forlorn as I did! I'm heartily sorry for her if she does. I'll take her to ride tomorrow, and she shall complain of every ache and pain she ever had, or that flesh is heir to, and I'll sympathize with her to her heart's content."

But Bertha's repentance came too late, as far as Miss Esther was concerned. When she went for her in the morning she found her very sick indeed, and a few days later her lonely life was over. She had gone where there was no sorrow nor sickness.

"But," said Bertha, tearfully, "I have learned a lesson which I will try not to forget, and, God helping me, I will never neglect any one again as I have poor Miss Esther. She wasn't very enjoyable always, but I know how I felt when I thought I was old and decrepit; and mamma says we can always make it easy by remembering that 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto Me.'"—Zion's Herald.

### A Lesson in This Rich Man's Life.

A millionaire in New York told the writer that, when he was a boy, he let himself out by verbal contract for five years, at seven dollars and fifty cents a week, in a large dry goods store in New York. At the end of three years, this young man had developed such skill in judging goods that another concern offered him three thousand dollars a year to go abroad as its buyer. He said that he did not mention this offer to his employers, nor even suggest the breaking of his agreement to work for seven and a half dollars a week, although verbal, until his time was up. Many people would say he was very foolish not to accept the offer mentioned, but the fact was that his firm, in which he ultimately became a partner, paid him ten thousand dollars a year at the expiration of his seven-and-a-half-dollar contract. They saw that he was giving them many times the amount of his salary, and in the end he was the gainer. Suppose he had said to himself, "They give me only seven and a half dollars a week, and I will earn only seven and a half dollars a week; I am not going to earn fifty dollars a week when I am getting only seven and a half!" This is what many boys would have said, and then they would have wondered why they were not advanced.—November Success.

A little fellow was asked: "Did the people all close their eyes and bend their heads down while the minister was praying?" "Yes, I caught one man with his eyes shut."—Christian Standard.





## The Happy Home.

Happiness must be founded on health. Where there is ill-health there will surely be unhappiness. The happiness of many a home has received its downfall at the table, spread with rich and dainty foods. The first symptoms of disease of the stomach are ignored as being disagreeable but not dangerous. Presently dyspepsia or some other form of disease fastens on the stomach.

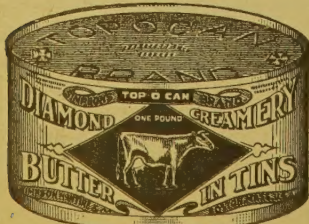
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### THE FINGER OF GOD.

During a season of revival a friend was praying one evening for a certain unconverted neighbor. After this manner he prayed: "O Lord, touch that man with thy finger; touch him with thy finger, Lord!" The petition was repeated with great earnestness, when something said to him: "Thou art the finger of God! Hast thou ever touched this, thy neighbor? Hast thou ever spoken a single word to him on the question of salvation? Go thou, and touch that man, and thy prayer shall be answered." It was a voice from the throne. God's servant rose from his knees self-condemned. He had known the man as an impenitent for a quarter of a century, yet had not uttered a word of warning. Hundreds of opportunities had come and gone, but the supreme question of life had been set aside for such topics as the "weather," the "latest news," "politics," and "trade." His first duty as a Christian had been left undone.

A prayer must have thought in it. The thought may overburden it so that its wings of devotion are fastened down to its sides, and can not ascend. Then it is no prayer, only a meditation or a contemplation. But to take the thought out of a prayer does not insure its going up to God. It may be too light as well as too heavy to ascend.—Phillips Brooks.

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### A FAIR QUESTION.

A boy of sixteen was an applicant for a very desirable position in the office of a man noted for his kindness and generosity to his employees. After asking a number of questions, the gentleman said to the boy: "Where do you spend your evenings?"

The boy presented this question and said smartly: "My evenings are my own, and I spend them where I please." "I make no claim on your time in the evening, my boy," said the gentleman kindly, "but I think that I can tell a great deal about a boy's character if I know where and how he spends his evenings. I do not care to employ any one whose associations are not known to me!"

This gentleman must have had in mind the saying of the wise man: "I care not how a young man spends his days. Let wisdom but direct his evenings, and his future is assured."—H. H. H.

He who refused to come down from the cross came up from the grave; and it was a greater matter to destroy death by rising than to save life by descending.—Gregory.

They that deny themselves for Christ shall enjoy themselves in Christ.—Mason.

### NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that Chas. H. Jacob & Co., Funeral Directors and Embalmers, 318 Mason street, San Francisco, Cal., has, by order of Court, had his name changed to Chas. H. J. Truman, by reason of which, the name of his firm becomes, Chas. H. J. Truman & Co. Under this name he continues to do business at the same place. Telephone, MAIN 5213.

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